

DICK COLE

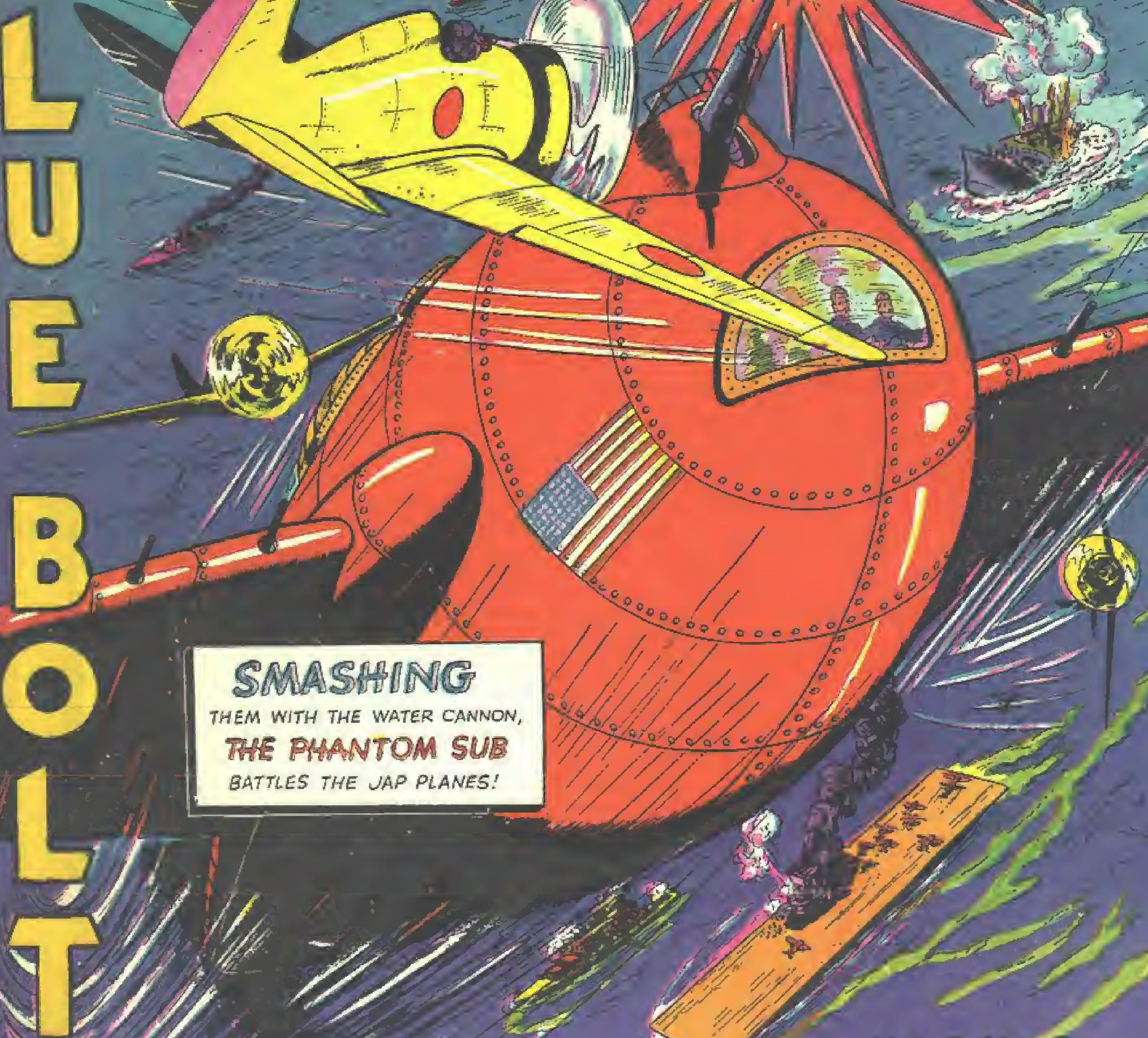
★ EDISON BELL ★

Featuring:

BLUEBOLT

July
10¢

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SMASHING
THEM WITH THE WATER CANNON,
THE PHANTOM SUB
BATTLES THE JAP PLANES!

Vol. 3 No. 2

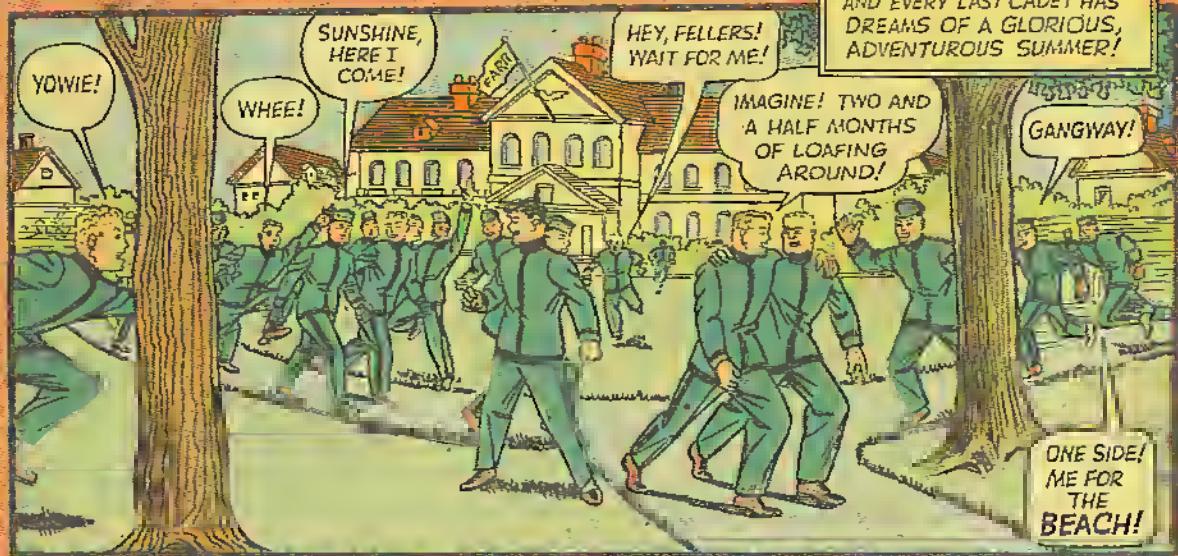
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DICK COLE

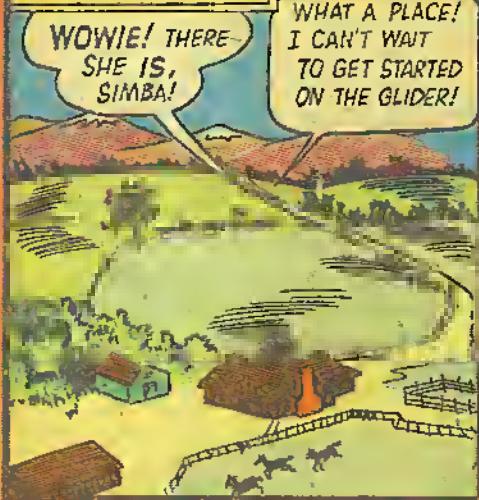
WONDER

BOY!



BLUE BOLT, Vol. 3, No. 2, July 1942, published monthly by Novelty Press, Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1942, by Novelty Press, Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class Matter March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. No living person is named or delineated in this magazine, excepting historical personages.

TWO WEEKS LATER...



SOON THE RANCH IS THE SCENE OF A JOYOUS REUNION

BOY! IT'S GREAT TO BE HERE!

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO!

THE PLACE IS YOURS! HOPE YOU FIND PLENTY TO DO!

DICK AND SIMBA GET TO WORK ON THE GLIDER AT ONCE



THEY DRAG IT TO THE HILL, GET IN, AND POINT THE NOSE DOWN. THEN

WERE OFF! SHE FLIES!

ZINGO! -- THIS IS THE LIFE!

SOON THEY ARE SOARING IN THE THERMALS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.



INTO THE THUNDERHEAD . . .

SAY! THIS IS KIND OF BUMPY!

MAYBE IT WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA!

THE SMALL CRAFT IS BUFFETED ABOUT BY THE VICIOUS CURRENTS . . .

GOLLY! THE INSTRUMENTS SAY WE'RE MILES FROM THE RANCH!

THE ELECTRIC STORM HAS AFFECTED OUR COMPASS, TOO!

HOPELESSLY LOST, THEY ZOOM THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE CLOUD, AND -

DICK! LOOK AT THAT CITY!

AZTEC, TOO!
I BET IT'S A LOST
CITY! WE'RE
GOING DOWN!

THEY COME DOWN IN A HUGE SQUARE!

LOOK AT 'EM RUN!
THEY MUST THINK
WE'RE BIRDS!

I HOPE THEY
DON'T SHOOT
US FOR BIRDS!
THEY DON'T LOOK
TOO FRIENDLY!

AS THE BOYS ALIGHT
FROM THE PLANE ---

GREETINGS, OH
BIRD GODS!

SAY! HE SPEAKS
AN AGE-OLD SPANISH!
I'LL ANSWER HIM!
I KNOW IT!

THIS IS A LOST
CITY FOR SURE!

GREETINGS,
HIGH PRIEST!

JUST THEN ...

THE
PRINCE!

THEY ARE
EVIL SPIRITS!
KILL
THEM!

HEY!

WHAM! AWK!

I DON'T LIKE
KNIVES,
MISTER!

NICE GOIN',
DICK!

FURIOUS, THE SOLDIERS CHARGE!

HE HIT
THE
PRINCE!

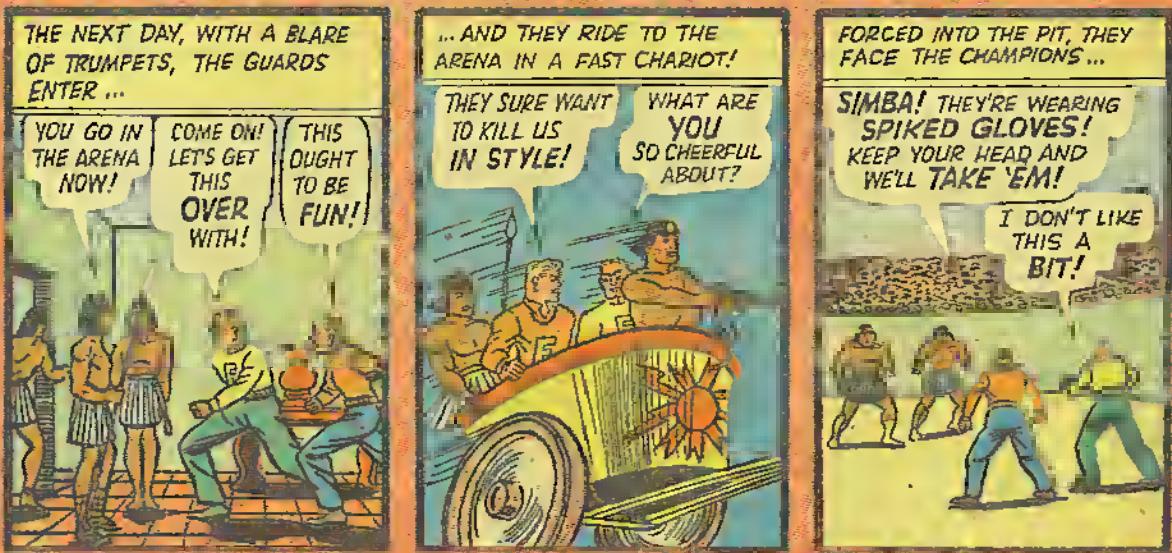
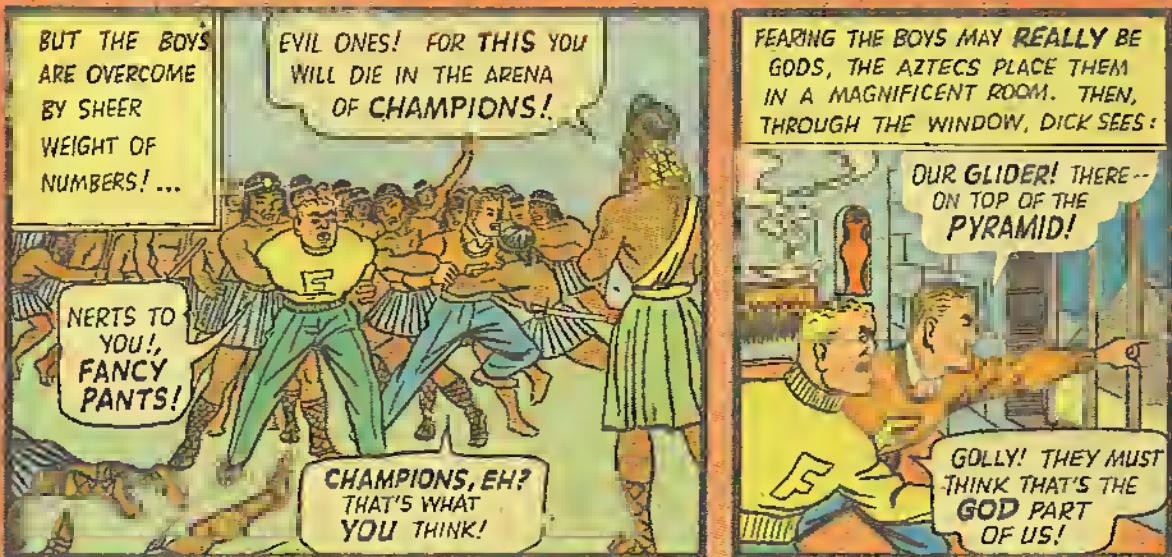
KILL
THEM!

BACK!
THEY ARE
GODS!

HERE
THEY COME!

GIVE IT
TO
THEM!

EVIL
SPIRITS!

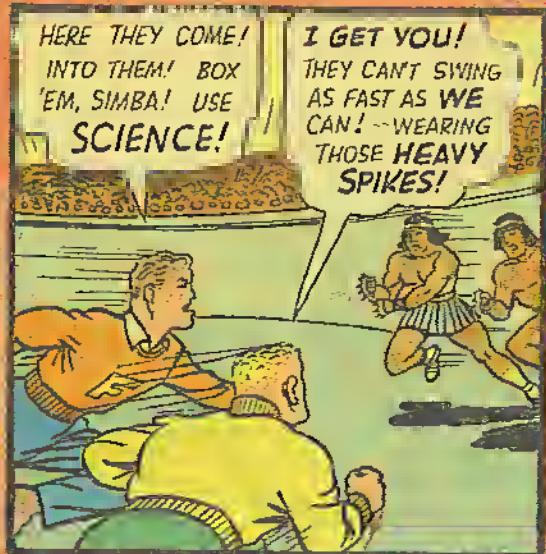


WHILE IN THE ROYAL BOX OVER THE ARENA ---

BEAT THEM TO DEATH! GOLD TO THE VICTORS!

THIS IS WRONG! THEY ARE GODS!

A BLAST ON A TRUMPET --- THE SIGNAL TO BEGIN!



THE BOYS MEET THE LIONS' HEAD ON!

NICE
PUSSY!

WAIT TILL
I GET MY HANDS
ON THAT
'PRINCE!'

RRRRROWWW



RRRAAA
COME HERE,
BABY!

WHAM!

SIMBA GETS A STRANGLE HOLD ON ONE LION, WHILE
DICK RAISES THE OTHER!

GRRRROWW

THIS IS
YOUR END,
PUSS!

AND SMASHES HIM AGAINST
THE WALL!

ATTA BOY,
DICK!

NOW TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

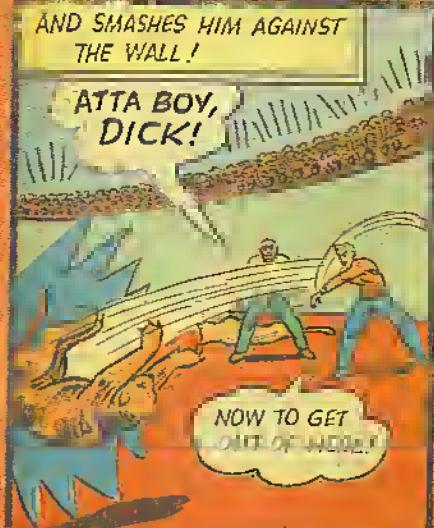
BUT THE PEOPLE ACCLAIM THE
BOYS AS TRUE GODS AND LEAD
THEM TO THE PALACE!

THIS ISN'T
HALF
BAD!

F
WF
THEY THINK WE'RE GODS
ALL RIGHT! I WONDER WHAT
COMES NEXT!

BUT THE SLY PRINCE
SECRETLY PLOTS TO
HIMSELF!

I HAVE TO GET RID
OF THEM SOMEHOW...
...I HAVE IT!



THE
BOYS
ARE
GIVEN
THE
ROOMS
OF
ROYALTY!

THESE SURE
ARE FANCY
DIGGIN'S!

AND HOW!
LET'S HURRY
UP. I WANT YOU
TO TAKE A LOOK
AROUND THE
CITY!

AS THEY STEP OUTSIDE ---

WHAT
TH'-



CRASH!

HEY!

THEY LOOK UP IN TIME TO SEE ---

THERE THEY
ARE!

C'MON! UP THAT
STAIRCASE AFTER 'EM!

DON'T LET 'EM
GET AWAY!

THEY
WON'T!

WHAMO!

WISE
GUYS,
EH?

TRY TO KILL US,
WILL YOU?

WHO PUT YOU UP
TO THIS?

DON'T HURT
ME! IT WAS
THE PRINCE!

LEAVING
THEIR
ASSAILANTS,
THE BOYS
DASH
THROUGH
THE CITY
STREETS
TO THE
PALACE
AND
BURST
INTO THE
PRINCE'S
ROOM!

THAT'S
THE
PUNK!

WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF
TRYING TO
KILL
US!

WOMP!



YOU TRIED TO KILL
THE BIRD GODS!
YOU DOG!

WHY YOU--!

NOW I'M
MAD!

YAHOO!

GUARDS, THROW
THEM ALL INTO
THE DUNGEON!

DICK AND SIMBA TEAR INTO THE
GUARDS . . .

BUT THE GUARDS HAVE THE ADVANTAGE
OF WEAPONS --AND--

--FORCE THEM INTO A CELL!

INSIDE,
YOU!

WHAT A MESS!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON,
PAL. WE'LL GET OUT
OF THIS!

AND THE HIGH PRIEST
KNOWS THE WAY. . .

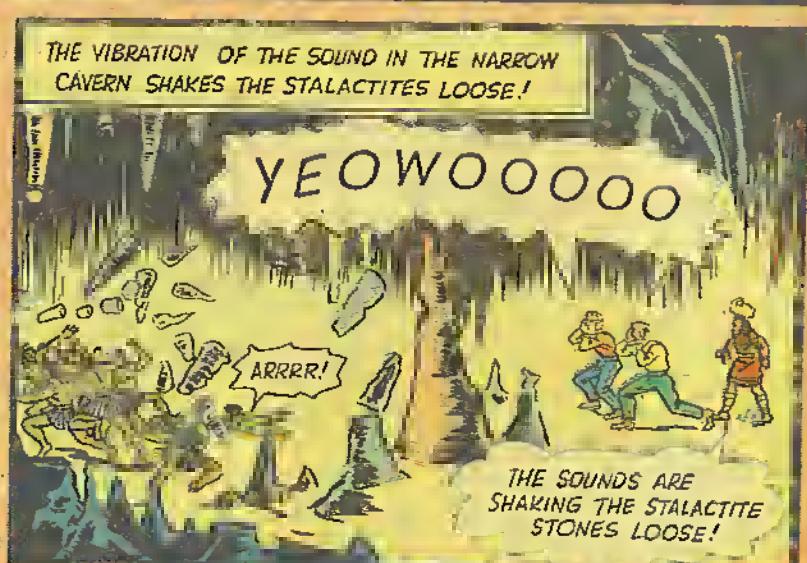
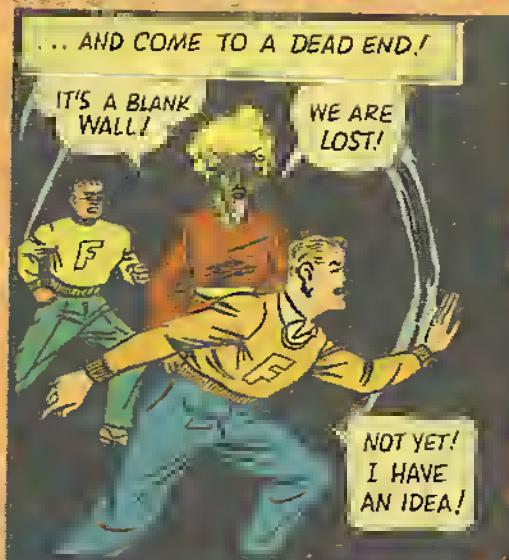
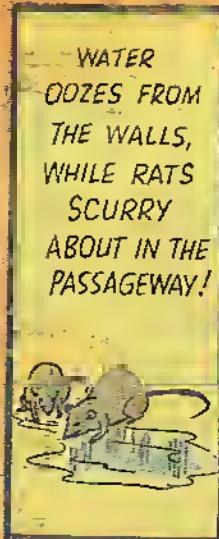
IF WE DON'T
ESCAPE, WE'LL BE
SACRIFICED ATOP
THE ALTAR. THIS
LEADS TO AN OLD
EXIT. HURRY!

WE'LL GIVE
YOU A
HAND!

THEY DESCEND INTO
THE DARK PASSAGE-WAY. . .

GOSH! IT'S
DARK!

IT'S A LOT
BETTER THAN
STAYING
HERE!



THE BOYS TEAR INTO THE
REMAINING SOLDIERS!

NOW THE ODDS ARE EVEN!
GRAB THEIR WEAPONS,
SIMBA!

AWK!

RIGHT WITH YOU,
PAL!

QUICKLY
THE
SOLDIERS
ARE
DISPERSED
AND THE
BOYS TAKE
THEIR
SWORDS
AND
LOOK
ABOUT
FOR AN
EXIT!

DICK! THERE'S A STREAM
GOING UNDER THE WALL!

GET THE HIGH
PRIEST AND
LET'S GO!

THE THREE
LEAP INTO THE STREAM!

--- WHICH CARRIES
THEM INTO A HUGE POOL
--- AND ON THE BANK! --

ALLIGATORS!
YE GODS!
WE'RE DONE
FOR!

NOT YET!
GRAB OSWALD
HERE, AND SEE
IF WE CAN
REACH THAT
LEDDGE!

NOW! GIVE HIM
A BOOST!

THOSE 'GATORS
ARE GETTING
CLOSE!

SAVE YOURSELVES!
LET ME GO!

WHAT
A TIGHT
SQUEEZE!

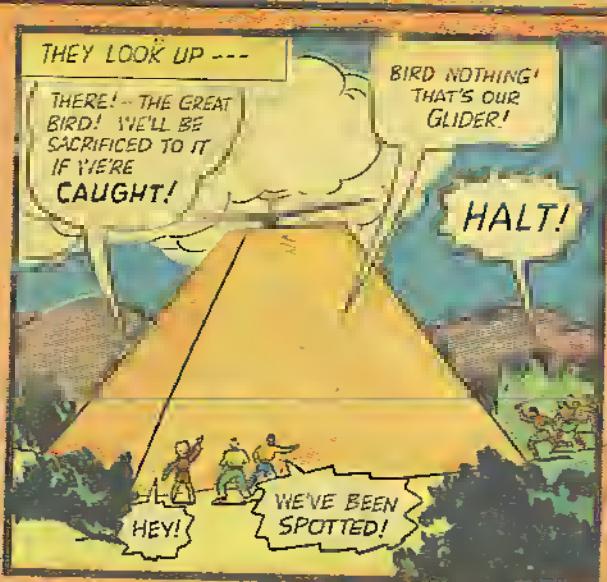
I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO THANK
YOU!

LOOK! A CRACK IN THE WALL!

AM I GLAD TO
SEE THAT!

WONDER
WHERE WE
ARE!

FORGET IT! WE STILL
HAVE TO GET OUT
OF HERE!



...QUICKLY
THEY ARE
DRAGGED
TO THE
TOP OF
THE PYRAMID
AND
THROWN
ON THE
SACRIFICAL
SLABS!

THESE MEN ARE EVIL...
NOW THEY DIE TO THE
GREAT BIRD ABOVE!

DICK RUBS HIS BONDS AGAINST
THE ROUGH EDGES OF THE SLAB...
THEN...

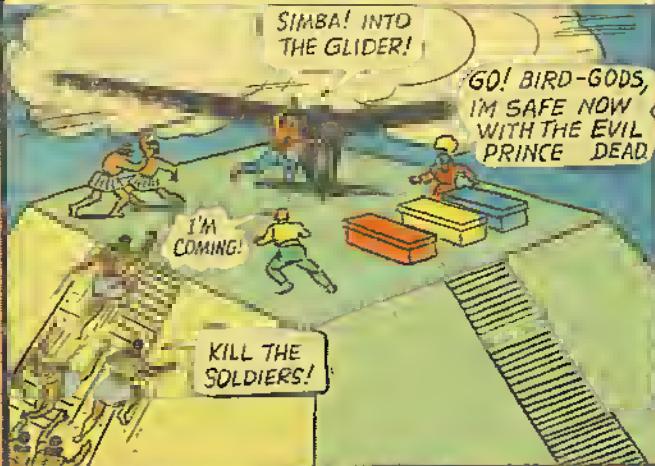
WHAM!

THIS IS
YOUR FINISH,
MISTER!

A SLASH OF THE PRINCE'S KNIFE FREES
SIMBA AND THE HIGH PRIEST -----



THE PEOPLE, ANGERED BY THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF
THE GODS AND THE HIGH PRIEST, RUSH THE SOLDIERS!



IN THE GLIDER --- THEIR WEIGHT
FORCES THE NOSE DOWN, AND
THEY ZOOM OFF!



THE INSTRUMENTS ARE
O.K. NOW. WE'LL BE
HOME IN A FEW
HOURS!

YEAH! I GUESS THE
OLD PRIEST WILL STRAIGHTEN
THINGS OUT BACK THERE...
NOW FOR HOME AND A
HOT MEAL! I'M TIRED!

ARE YOU
HUNGRY FOR
ADVENTURE?



WELL....

DICK COLE
and SIMBA

WILL BE
"PACKING AWAY"
ANOTHER FAST-MOVING
PARTY WHICH WILL BE
"EATEN UP"
IN THE NEXT
BLUE BOLT!

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

CITIES SHAKEN
TO PIECES AS IF BY A
GIANT HAND! WHAT
INSIDIOUS MENACE LURKS
BEHIND THESE TERRIBLE
DISASTERS?...

IN THE UNDERGROUND LABORATORY OF DR. BERTOFF...

THIS IS THE GREEN
SORCERESS' WORK AGAIN!
I'M GOING TO HAVE IT OUT WITH
HER ONCE AND FOR ALL!

I'M GOING WITH
YOU! I DON'T
TRUST THAT HUSSY!

LISTEN! I HAD
ENOUGH TROUBLE
WITH YOU TWO THE
LAST TIME! NO!

OH,
NO?



LOIS WINS THE ARGUMENT, AND AN HOUR LATER THEY ARE HEADED FOR THE GREEN KINGDOM.

IF WE DON'T STOP THE GREEN SORCERESS, SHE'LL WRECK EVERY CITY IN THE STATES!

I'LL STOP HER!

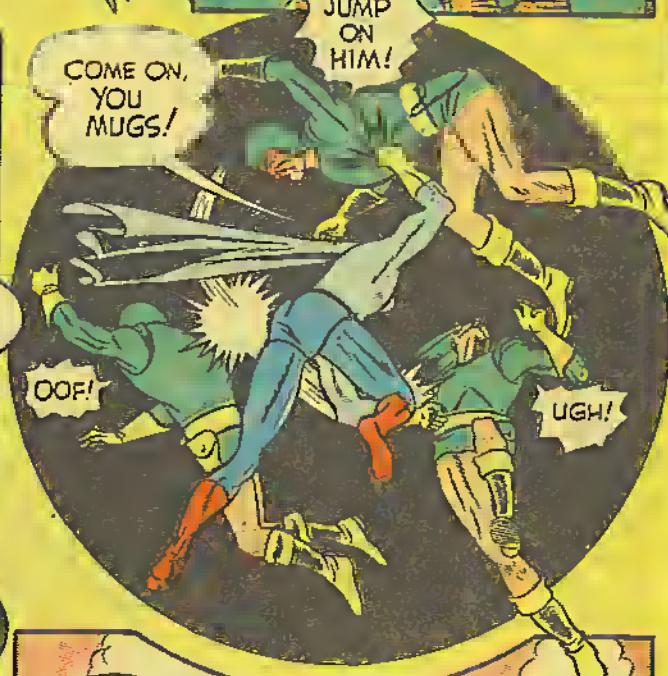
Suddenly A RAY OF LIGHT HITS THE SHIP!

THAT RAY... IT'S DRAGGING US DOWN!

I'LL BET THE GREEN SORCERESS IS DOWN THERE! CAREFUL! WE'RE GOING DOWN FAST!

GOT THEM! NOW I'LL GET RID OF THAT GIRL!

GET YOUR GUNS READY!



THE SOLDIERS ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE PAIR ---

MAKE A
MOVE AND
I'LL
SHOOT!

NOW
WHAT
?

YOU'LL
FIND
OUT!



THE GIRL WILL BE THROWN
INTO THE PIT OF THE MONSTERS!
AND, YOU, BLUE BOLT, CAN
WATCH HER DIE!



IN
WITH
HER!

YOU
FIEND!

OHH!



IN THE
PIT...

IF THIS WERE
ONLY HER
NECK!

WHAM!



STAY ON
YOUR TOES,
LOIS! LOOK OUT
FOR THEIR CLAWS!

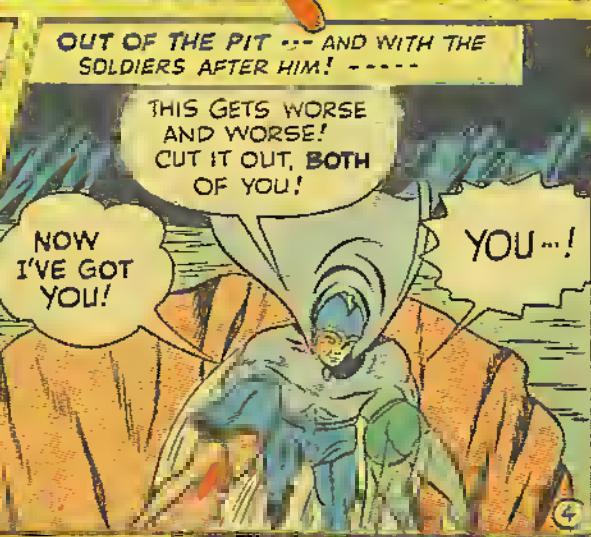


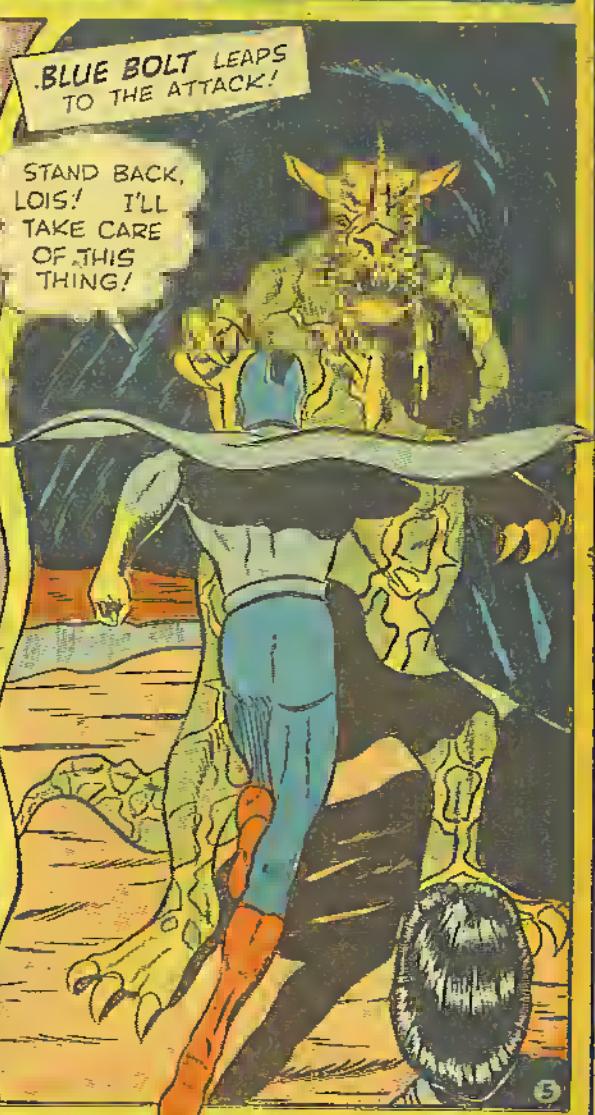
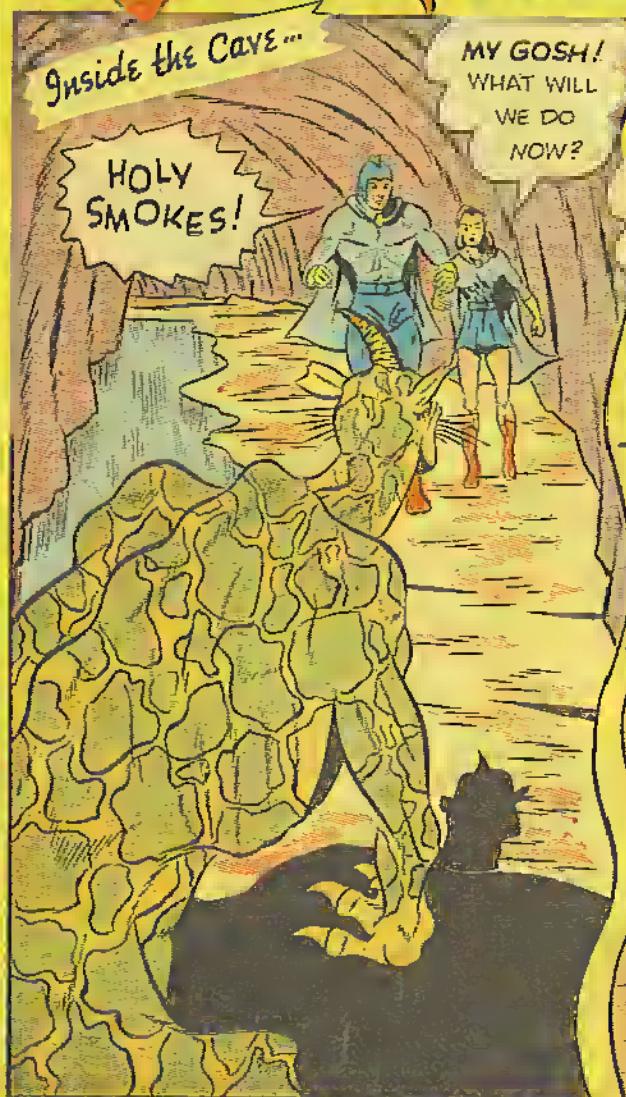
IF LOIS
GETS HURT,
I'LL ---

OUCH!
YOU
OVERSIZED
INSECT!

YOU'LL
DO
NOTHING!







I CAN'T
LEAVE HIM
IN THERE
TO DIE!

STAY HERE!
LET NO ONE COME
OUT! THE
PLEASURE OF
KILLING THEM
IS MINE!

Meanwhile.....

OOF!

THE GREEN SORCERESS
SIGNALS, AND

YOU'RE
COMING
OUTSIDE
WITH
ME!

YEAH?

LOOK
!

IT'S
GONE!

THAT'S
WHAT
SHE
THINKS!

BUT LOIS GETS HER
HANDS ON A
ROCK AND---

I USTA
PITCH FOR
THE BLOOMER
GIRLS!

OOH!

THEN BLUE BOLT READS THE THOUGHTS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS SORCERESS!



HE SLINGS THE GREEN SORCERESS OVER HIS SHOULDER...



HE HAS SOME NERVE... JUST WAIT!...



THEY START OFF DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY THEN -----

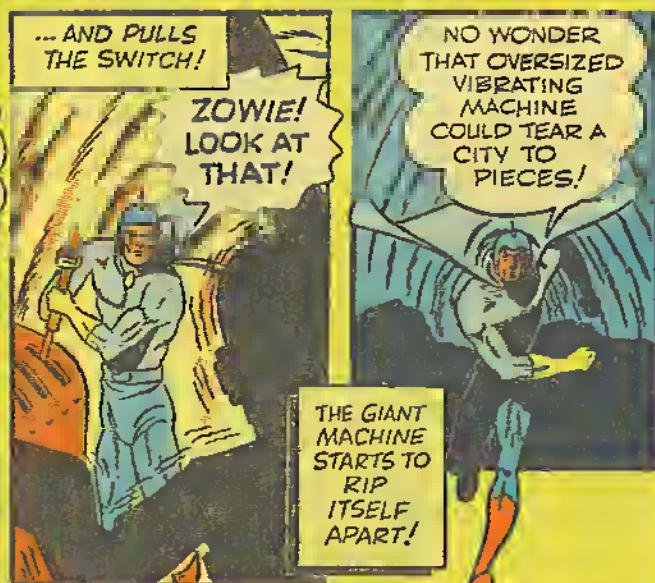
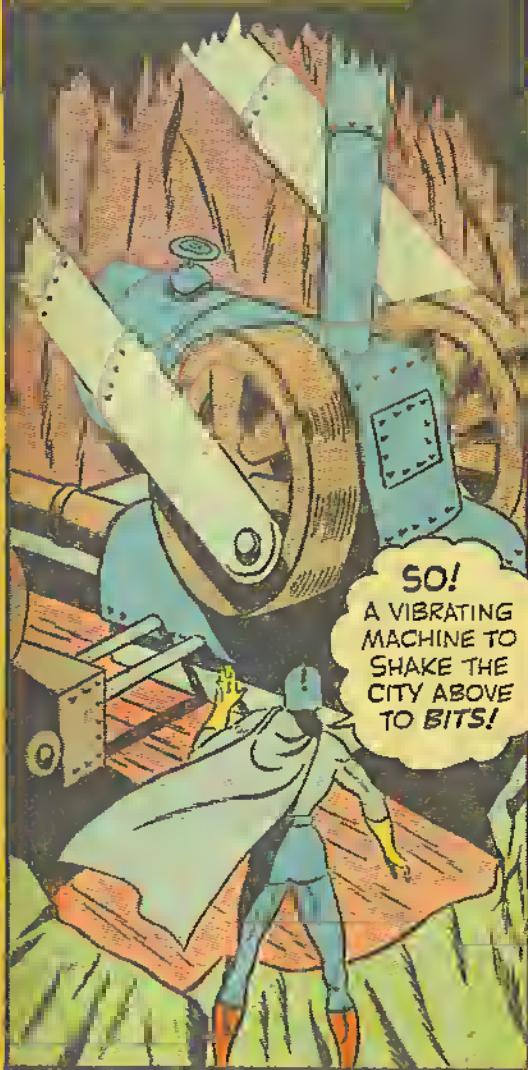


I HAVE TO FIND THAT MACHINE!

THIS IS THE LAST ONE!



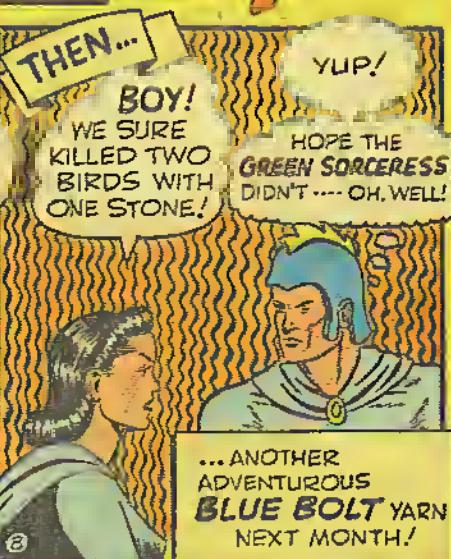
BLUE BOLT DASHES INTO
A LARGE CAVERN ...



DASHING BACK TO WHERE HE LEFT THE GIRLS, BLUE BOLT FINDS REAL TROUBLE ...



PART OF THE CAVE BEGINS TO FALL IN! ...



Yankee

BANG!

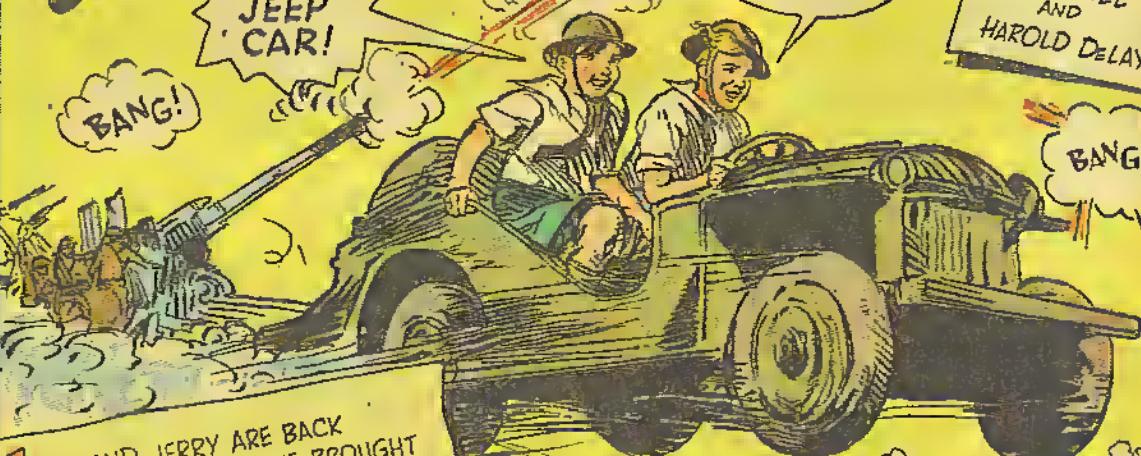
OH BOY!
A REAL
JEEP
CAR!

BANG!

HOLD TIGHT,
PAL! HERE
WE GO!

BY RAY GILL
AND
HAROLD DELAY

BANG!



EDDIE AND JERRY ARE BACK HOME AGAIN, AND HAVE BROUGHT THEIR FRIEND, ANTON, WITH THEM! BUT, IF THEY EXPECTED TO FIND PEACE AND SERENITY, THEY WERE VERY MUCH --- BUT LET'S NOT SPOIL THE STORY FOR YOU!

READ ON! ---

EDDIE AND JERRY DECIDE TO TAKE A HIKE ON THEIR OLD STAMPING GROUNDS, WHICH HAVE BEEN SOMEWHAT CHANGED!

COME ON, ANTON! JERRY AND I WANT TO SEE THE NEW ARMY CAMP. IT SHOULD BE EXCITING!

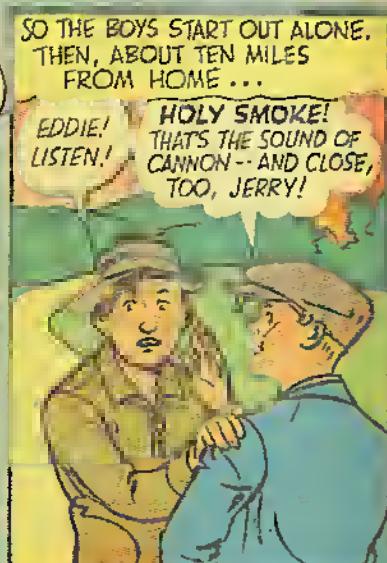
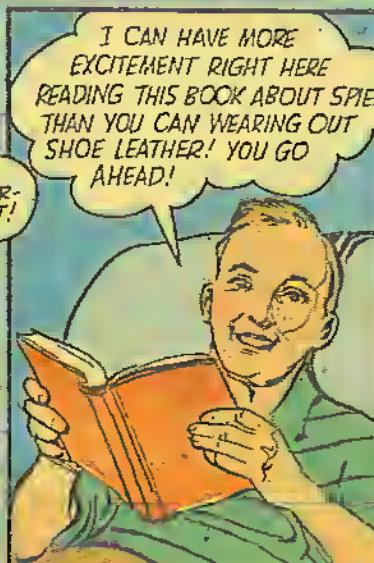
NAW! NOT ME!

TENDER-FOOT!

I CAN HAVE MORE EXCITEMENT RIGHT HERE READING THIS BOOK ABOUT SPIES THAN YOU CAN WEARING OUT SHOE LEATHER! YOU GO AHEAD!

SO THE BOYS START OUT ALONE, THEN, ABOUT TEN MILES FROM HOME ...

EDDIE! LISTEN! HOLY SMOKE! THAT'S THE SOUND OF CANNON -- AND CLOSE, TOO, JERRY!



THE DISTANT WAR-LIKE SOUNDS
ALARM THE BOYS ...

SEE, EDDIE! IT'S
COMING FROM OVER
THERE! MAYBE
IT'S AN
INVASION!

SURE
SOUNDS
LIKE
IT!...

OH, WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH ME! I DISTINCTLY
REMEMBER READING THAT THE
RED AND BLUE ARMIES
ARE GOING TO HAVE MANEUVERS
IN THIS SECTION!

GOSH!
THEN LET'S GO
AND
SEE
IT!

NO, WE'D
GET IN
THE WAY!

...WE'LL CUT IN ANOTHER
DIRECTION OVER THIS HILL
AND STAY AWAY FROM
THE EXCITEMENT
THIS TIME...

OH--
KAY!

SUDDENLY, AN ARMY JEEP CAR BOUNCES OVER THE HILL,
DIRECTLY AT THEM! ...

HEY!

JERRY!
LOOK
OUT!

OH!



BUT EDDIE ACTS QUICKLY! ... AND HIS
FLYING TACKLE KNOCKS JERRY OUT
OF THE WAY!

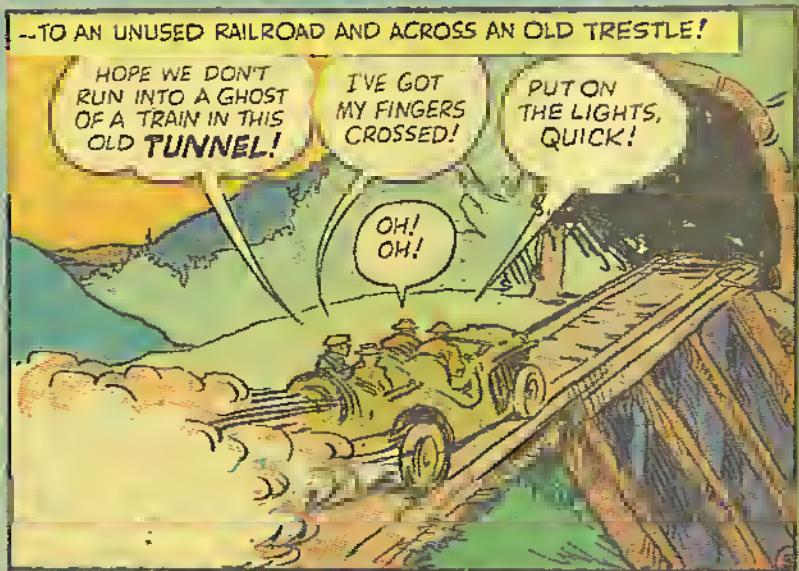
OOF!

SORRY,
PAL!

LUCKY THIS
BUGGY HAS
GOOD
BRAKES!

PHEW! LOOKS LIKE
YOU CAN'T DODGE A WAR,
NO MATTER HOW
TRY TO ESCAPE IT!





THEY SHOOT FROM THE TUNNEL LIKE A SHELL FROM A CANNON, PULLING COBWEBS OFF THEIR FACES!

NOW I KNOW HOW THEY FEEL IN THOSE NEW YORK SUBWAYS!

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

UGH!

CUT TO THE RIGHT!

THEN, LIKE A ROBOT SKI JUMPER, DOWN A STEEP INCLINE . . .

HOLD TIGHT!

OH-HH-HHH-HH!

... TO LEVEL GROUND!

SOLID EARTH AT LAST!

BUT, CROSSING THE DITCH, THEY SEE THEIR FOLLOWERS HOT ON THEIR HEELS!

THERE THEY GO!

THERE'S THE STATION, UP AHEAD!

GOOD!
HOPE THERE'S A TRAIN TO BE HAD!

SIT TIGHT!
AND I'LL FIND OUT!

SAY, WHEN'S THE NEXT TRAIN, OLD TIMER?

TELEGRAMS

EH?

STEP ON IT!
WE'LL DUCK THEM YET!

LOOK!

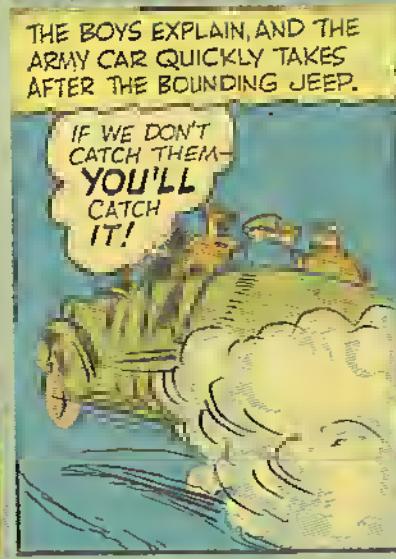
NEXT TRAIN?
WON'T BE ONE FOR FOUR HOURS. JUST MISSED THE NOON TRAIN BY FIFTEEN MINUTES!

BLAZES!
SAAY . . . WILL IT HAVE TO STOP FOR WATER OR ANYTHING?

YEAH!
FIFTEEN MINUTE WATER STOP--THREE MILES AHEAD!

ALL OUT,
KIDS! . . . WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH IT . . . THANKS,
BOYS!

OKAY!
WISH YOU LUCK!
COME ON, JERRY!



"DRIVE IT YOURSELF!"

Edison
Bell's

JEEP CAR

By EDISON BELL

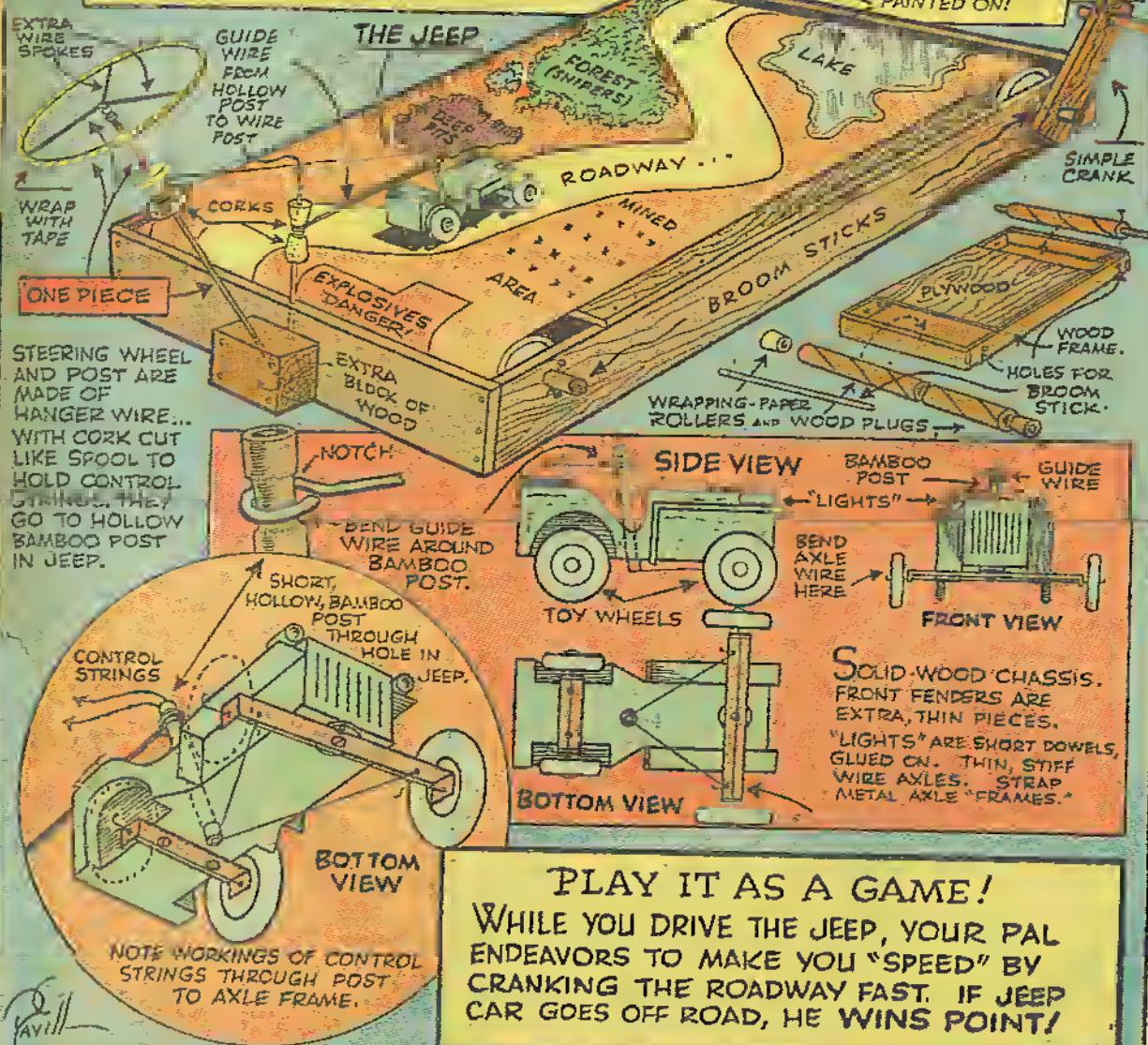
REMOTE
CONTROL!

It Works!

One Person "DRIVES" ... while
Another Cranks Roadway!

NOTE that the ROADWAY MOVES ... while the JEEP STANDS STILL!
Use coat-hanger wire ... Oilcloth for Roadbed ... Soft pine for the
Chassis and Framework of "BED" ... Lightweight fishing line for Control
"WIRES" ... Corks as shown!

PAINTED ON!



OLD CAP HAWKINS TALES

OLD CAP HAWKINS,
RETIRIED MARINER,
TELLS HIS YOUNG PAL,
JOEY, THE HEROIC
ACCOUNTS OF THE
FIGHTING MEN OF
AMERICA... AND THE
STORY BEHIND THEIR
BATTLE-SCARRED
MOTTOES...

"BAPTISED BY FIRE!"

JOEY, BROOKLYN'S
FIGHTING 14TH IS SAID
NEVER TO HAVE MISSED
A SCRAP! WELL-
EARNED IS THEIR
BATTLE MOTTO...

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK... EARLY IN 1847...

WHAT DO YOU SAY,
JOHN, LET'S ORGANIZE
OUR MILITIA COMPANIES
INTO A REGIMENT!

SWELL IDEA!
WHEN DO
WE START?

SO, UPON THE OUTBREAK OF THE CIVIL WAR...

RIGHT! WE
WANT TO
FIGHT!
AND HOW!

WE COME TO
OFFER THE
SERVICES OF OUR
REGIMENT TO
THE NORTH,
SIR!

BUT...

I'M SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT YOU.
BUT OUR LISTS ARE
COMPLETE!

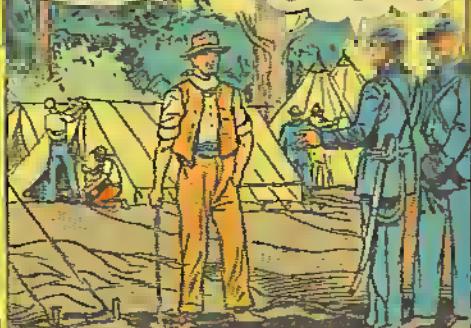


BITTERLY
DOWNCAST,
THIS GROUP OF
BRAVE MEN
DECIDED TO
GET IN THE
FIGHT AT
ANY COST...

SO, AT
THEIR OWN
EXPENSE,
THEY SET UP
CAMP AT
FORT
GREEN
PARK...

NOBODY'S
GONNA KEEP
US OUT OF
THIS!

THEN IT'S TOO
BAD ALL OF YOU
WOULDN'T
BUY
UNIFORMS!



AND THEY DID!

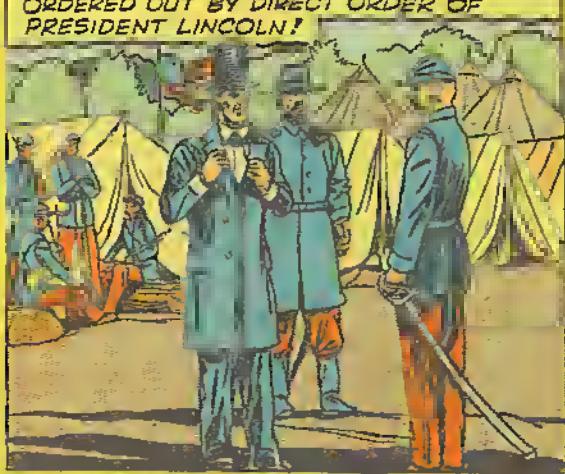
THE 14TH'S COMMANDING OFFICER
APPROACHED PRESIDENT LINCOLN...

OUR SERVICES
ARE YOURS, SIR!
WILL YOU TAKE
US?

YOU BET I
WILL! FROM NOW
ON YOU'LL BE
MY PERSONAL
BODYGUARD!



THUS, THE FIGHTING 14TH HAD THE PROUD
DISTINCTION OF BEING THE ONLY GROUP
ORDERED OUT BY DIRECT ORDER OF
PRESIDENT LINCOLN!



ACTION CAME QUICKLY. AT THE BATTLE OF
BULL RUN, CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS GAVE
THEM A NAME THAT STUCK!

IT'S THE
RED-LEGGED
DEVILS!

INTO 'EM,
MEN!



EVERY MAN OF THE 14TH WAS A FIGHTING FOOL!

YOOOOOO!

GOTCHA!
NOW DIE!



LATER IN THE SAME BATTLE,
ENEMY SHARPSHOOTERS WERE
KILLING OFF A UNION
BATTERY CREW ---

ORDER THE
14TH INTO THE
OPEN FIELD
YONDER!
THEIR RED PANTS
WILL DRAW THE ENEMY'S
FIRE, AND THEN WE CAN
CHARGE!

YES,
SIR!

SO THE RED-LEGGED DEVILS DREW THE
FIRE, BUT WENT RIGHT AHEAD WITH
THEIR CHARGE!

COME
ON!

LET'S
GO!



SO VALIANT WAS THE CONDUCT OF
THE 14TH THAT THE GENERAL TOLD
THE SECRETARY OF WAR...

HAD MY OTHER REGIMENTS
FOUGHT AS WELL AS THE BROOKLYN
14TH, BULL RUN WOULD HAVE BEEN
A DIFFERENT STORY!



THE
14TH
SERVED THROUGH-
OUT THE CIVIL WAR
TOOK PART IN
29 BATTLES.
THEIR TITLE,
"THE
FIGHTING
14TH,"
WAS WON THE
HARD WAY!

AND IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN,
THE 14TH VOLUNTEERED, AND
SERVED UNDER COLONEL
GRANT. THEIR DEEDS WERE
MANY AND HEROIC!



1916! ANOTHER CALL TO DUTY, AND
THE 14TH SERVED ON THE BORDER-
PATROL CLEARING OUT
MEXICAN
BANDITS!

IF IT'S
FIGHT YOU
WANT, YOU'VE
GOT
IT!



IN 1917...

MEN, WE ARE IN THE WAR! OUR OUTFIT IS AMONG THE FIRST TO BE MUSTERED INTO SERVICE!

YIPEE!

THAT'S THE STUFF!



PARTS OF THE 14TH MADE UP MANY OTHER UNITS, BUT AS A WHOLE THEY WENT TO FRANCE AS THE 2ND ENGINEERS.

I CAN'T WAIT FOR A CRACK AT THE JERRIES!

YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE! WE GO OVER SOON!



THEN...

SHOVE 'EM BACK TO BERLIN!

GANGWAY!



ALL OVER THE FRONT THE 14TH WAS IN ACTION!

ONE SIDE! HERE COMES BROOKLYN!

COME ON, YOU GUYS!



THE OUTFIT WAS ONE OF THE LAST TO RETURN FROM 'OVER THERE', AND NOW SOLDIERS POINT PROUDLY TO THEIR COLORS AND SAY...

NO SIR!
WE'VE NEVER
MISSED
A SCRAP!



AND THE 14TH WAS TRULY "BAPTIZED BY FIRE", FOR ITS WHOLE EXISTENCE WAS ONE OF HEROISM AND GLORY.

FAST THINKING

By
MICKEY
SPILLANE

SWAYING lightly in the breeze, the grey bulk of the observation balloon tugged gently at its cable, which was anchored to the forward end of the little freighter several thousand feet below. "Biff" Coakley grinned at the other passenger in the cockpit and pointed down. "Never think from the looks of things that there's a war going on, eh?"

"Shucks, no!" Whitey answered. "Here we are out to spot subs, with the dickens being raised in the Philippines only a few miles away, and yet everything is as quiet as a tomb!"

"That's what I don't like. There ought to be plenty of activity around here, with our transports landing troops all over the place, but nope, not a thing!" But he was wrong. Far below the surface, out of sight of even the eyes in the balloon, an iron sea-serpent slid along the floor of the ocean. Ears were glued to sounding devices that located the exact position of the little ship above. Slowly — not knowing what protection the freighter might have, the submarine rose. Then in a furious rush, shot to the surface like a frightened fish!

Far from being caught unawares, the crew of the rusted freighter rushed to their guns. They were too late. Bubbles boiled from the nose of the sub, and a moment later the quiet was ripped apart by the rending crash of a torpedo! Biff's eyes popped. "Whitey! The dirty skunks got them!"

"Golly!" Whitey breathed softly. "We're done for!" But something was happening! Very

slowly the balloon was being drawn closer to the sinking freighter! The sub had gone, leaving the crew of the doomed ship to die in the ocean! Now the balloon was being dragged down to the same fate! Biff clutched the rail of the small pit.

"Somebody must have started the winch going to roll us down as soon as the sub was sighted! If only we can make it before the tub sinks!"

"Everybody must have been killed by that torpedo, else we'd see some movement. Hey! She's starting to list!"

IT WAS LISTING, all right! Like a slowly filling cardboard box, the freighter was settling. Even in the few minutes since the attack, waves were starting to wash over the decks! The winch kept grinding, hauling in the rubbery form above. One hundred, fifty, thirty feet to go ... "Hang on, Whitey!" Biff yelled, and plunged over the side! He landed with a thud on the wave-washed deck, scrambled to his feet and smacked at a lever on the side of the grinding winch. The drum stopped revolving.

Whitey looked down from the short length of cable that held the balloon to the winch that would have chewed them to pieces! "Wow! That was too close for comfort! What now?" He slid down the steel rope and joined Biff. Desperately they searched the decks, but there was not one sign of life. The torpedo had seen to that. By the time their inspection was over both boys were seething with fury and hate for the rats that had started all this. Their fingers

longed to wrap around a Nipponese neck and crush the life out of it!

Whitey looked at Biff. "See which way the wind is blowing, pal?"

"Yeah, about North-North East, why?"

"Heading for Japan, see? And we have to get off this crate mighty soon, or else! Do y' get me?"

"Get you! I'll say I do! Come on!" With the speed of desperation, Biff and Whitey raced to a cabin a few feet away. They crashed into the door sending it flying open. Fiercely they dragged out a wheeled rack, and on its springy bed lay six man-sized bombs, instruments of destruction capable of wrecking a good-sized ship! They piled them into the cockpit, then pulled the cord on their water ballast tank.

"Think she'll go up, Biff?"

"Yup! Draining this tank will just about equalize the weight, although it isn't going to be funny when we toss these things over. We'll probably shoot up into thin air so fast we won't be able to catch our breath!"

"Well, I always wanted to see the earth from the stratosphere! Let's go, the old girl is about ready to give up!" They hopped to the balloon's metal cockpit, squeezing in between the ugly snouts of the bombs. Just in time Biff leaned over and gave the toggle connection a flip, and the balloon shot skyward. Below them the ancient freighter threw her nose into the air, pointing at them as if with a ghostly finger, then settled under the waves. Biff and Whitey snapped a smart salute to their departed comrades.

BULGING AWKWARDLY at first, with loose folds of fabric flopping in the breeze, the balloon inflated as it went up, until the gas was firm within the hide. Finally it came to rest with the boy's breathing fast in the rarefied atmosphere. The altimeter dial registered 18,000 feet.

"How're we doing, Biff?"

"O.K., I guess. Our wind drift is just about right. This is a crazy stunt, but it might do some good."

"We had no other choice. All the lifeboats were smashed, anyway!"

The morning sun gleamed brightly, setting off everything below, but the sea was calm, and not a ship was in sight. Slowly the sun rose to its zenith, then settled down over the western horizon. The day had dragged slowly, now the dusk brought a freezing cold to the upper regions. Whitey and Biff shivered through their sheepskin clothes.

Gradually growing dimmer, the red ball had not quite gone down, when the boys glimpsed the trace of smoke on the horizon. Then the smoke resolved itself into a ship, then two. Finally, stretched out on the ocean was a line of nine boats. Biff shook Whitey. "Look! A squadron of battlewagons!" He snatched up his binoculars. "Well, I'll be . . . they're Japs!"

But someone else had spotted them, too. Away in the dusk was a flash, and a moment later one of the ships lurched, and with a terrific crack her sides blew out! Seemingly moments later other boats appeared, and a wicked fight threw the ocean into a frenzy. Biff and Whitey were besides themselves with joy, for the other boats were American.

From their vantage point they saw it all, shouting unheard encouragement to the men from the U.S.A. But the balloon blew steadily onward, leaving the battle behind. Down below, the air was thick with smoke, debris lit-

tered the water. It was evident that the American boats had gotten the better of the scrap! Suddenly Whitey gasped. "Biff! Over there . . . a Jap aircraft carrier!"

Biff paled. "My gosh! Those planes'll knock off every one of our boats. Why do we have to be so helpless! If only we could let them know!"

"We can do better than that. We're heading directly over that trouble-maker—if you get what I mean!" Biff's eyes widened, for the possibilities of the thing were enormous!

THE WIND was their friend, that day. It blew them on a true course straight over the flat flight deck of the carrier. Biff and Whitey wrestled one of the huge bombs on to the side of the cockpit. "Now!" A push, and the messenger of death hurtled down! Quickly another, then another went over. A rending crash from below marked a direct hit! Cheering, they pushed over the last. Explosions were coming up steadily as the bombs found their target!

But suddenly the boys were sucking in air desperately, for the released weight had thrown them up into thinner air . . . and they were still going up! Then, on the sinking carrier underneath them a gun spoke! Anti-aircraft guns fired in one last attempt to destroy the thing that had destroyed them! Flashes burst around the balloon, while steel fingers whistled through the air!

"I—I guess we're d-done for, Biff."

"Hang on, feller, you never can tell!" Biff dragged himself to the side and looked over. He grinned slowly, for coming at full speed was the American squadron to finish off the carrier. What guns were left on the Jap ship barked, but they were listing so badly that their aim was ineffective.

Still the anti-aircraft gun spat. Its crew had hate in their hearts for the giant bag that hung almost motionless thousands of feet in the blue. Shell after shell poured in a steady stream skywards. Biff and Whitey flattened themselves on the floor, seeking what little protection they could. The orange flashes burst closer to the balloon with every shot. In a moment the gun crew would have the exact range, and that would be the last of them!

With an ear-splitting roar, a shell blasted through the dusk. The balloon lurched violently, jerking the occupants of the cockpit against its sides. Surely this was the end. From above came the hiss of escaping gas. The balloon stopped rising, then it slowly began to descend. The hiss grew louder as the fabric tore. Both lads were on their feet. They could breathe without difficulty now. The balloon had dropped out of the thinner air. They were fast becoming an easy target — The next shot would — But, the carrier would never shoot another shot! As the boys watched, the massive hulk rolled over like a great, tired turtle — and slid beneath the waves.

Lazily, the huge, grey balloon mass floated down to the sea. It wasn't until it was barely a thousand feet from the ocean that it was noticed by the American ships. Immediately lifeboats went over the side. Biff and Whitey shouted with glee, and pounded each other on the back. They were saved!

MESS ON BOARD the cruiser that night was a wild place, indeed. The boys told and retold their story. Later, as they were crawling into their bunks, Biff grinned over at Whitey. "Well, we didn't make Japan . . ."

"Nope. We didn't, but by gosh, we sure showed the Emperor what to expect when we do!"

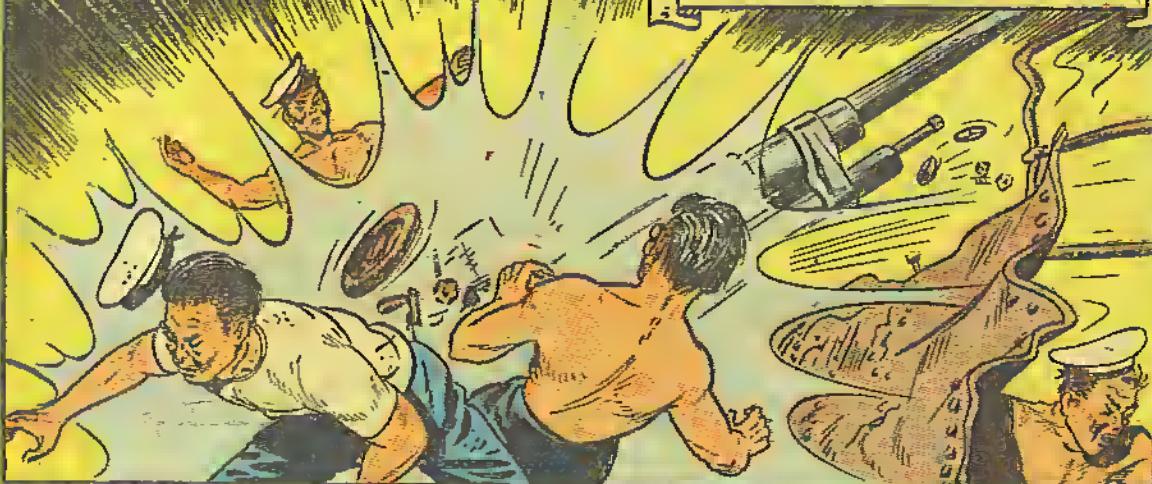
THE END



THE PHANTOM SUB

by
FOS
**

THE UGLY HEAD OF THAT TERRIBLE GOD, WAR, HAS REARED ITSELF OVER THE UNITED STATES, THREATENING OUR LIFE, LIBERTY, AND OUR PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS-- RESOLVED THAT OUR WAY OF LIFE SHALL PREVAIL, THE PHANTOM CREW ZOOMS INTO THE FRAY IN THEIR AMAZING SUPER-SUBMARINE THE PHANTOM SUB!!!



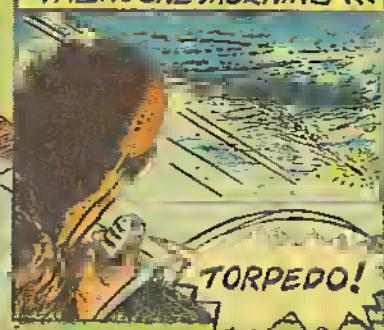
OUT OF AN UNDISCLOSED CALIFORNIAN PORT, A POWERFUL DETACHMENT OF U.S. SOLDIERS LEAVES FOR THE NEAR EAST--



ABOVE, WITH SCOUT PLANES, THE PHANTOM SUB STANDS GUARD--



FOR DAYS THE CONVOY STEAMS SERENELY ON. THEN, ONE MORNING...



THE DEADLY TORPEDO HEADS RIGHT FOR THE TROOP TRANSPORT.

REVERSE ENGINES!

THE HUGE SHIP BACKS UP JUST IN TIME!

WOW!

WHILE ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB...

BOY, THE DESTROYERS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT BABY!

QUICK, SPARKS, RADIO THEM NOT TO DROP ANY DEPTH CHARGES!

AS THE AMAZED CREWS OF THE DESTROYERS WATCH, THE PHANTOM SUB COLLAPSES ITS WINGS AND DIVES INTO THE SEA!

SUDDENLY IT SURFACES WITH A BABY JAP SUB CLUTCHED BY THE SALVAGE CLAW!

COME OUT IN THE OPEN, YOU NIPPONESE NIGHTMARES!

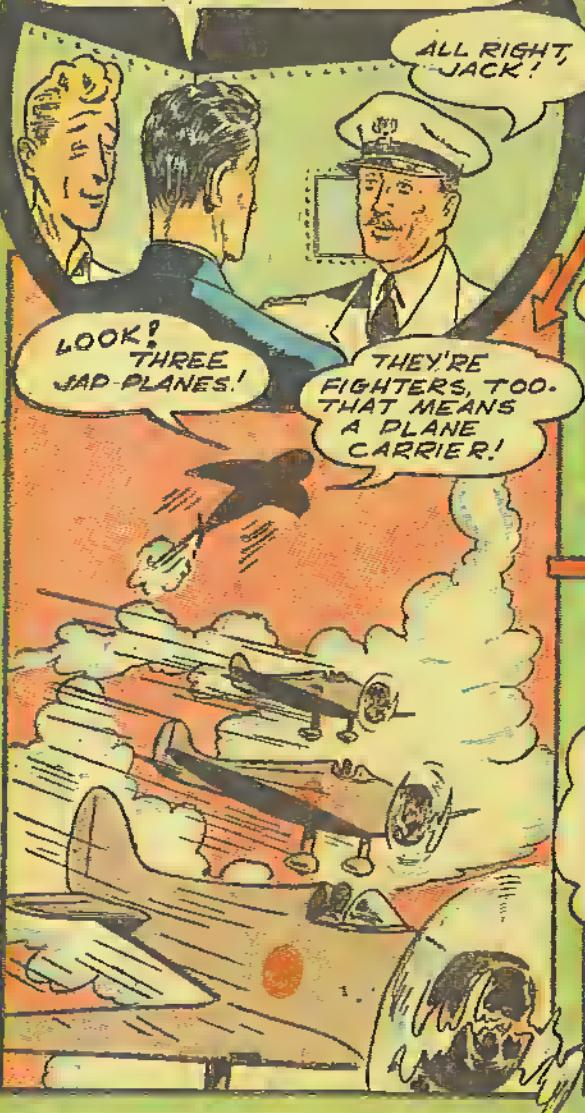
LOOK, THERE'S ONLY ONE OF THEM! IT'S ONE OF THOSE ONE-MAN SUBS!

THE CAPTIVE IS TAKEN TO THE COMMANDER OF THE CONVOY!

I COULD SEE FROM THE AIR THAT IT WAS A ONE-MAN SUB AND CARRIED BUT ONE TORPEDO. IN CAPTURING IT WE'VE GOT A PRISONER TO QUESTION AND THAT SUB TO EXAMINE.

IT WAS A GREAT STUNT, JACK!

THAT SUB HAS A CRUISING RANGE OF ONLY A FEW HUNDRED MILES, SO IT STANDS TO REASON THAT IT WAS LAUNCHED FROM A BATTLESHIP. THERE MUST BE AN ENEMY FLEET CLOSE BY, SIR. WE'D LIKE YOUR PERMISSION TO HUNT FOR IT.



THE PHANTOM SUB IS SOON IN THE AIR...

THAT SUB CAME FROM THE EAST. I THINK WE SHOULD HEAD THAT WAY!

YEAH, AND WE'LL TRAVEL AT 40,000 FEET TO AVOID DETECTION!

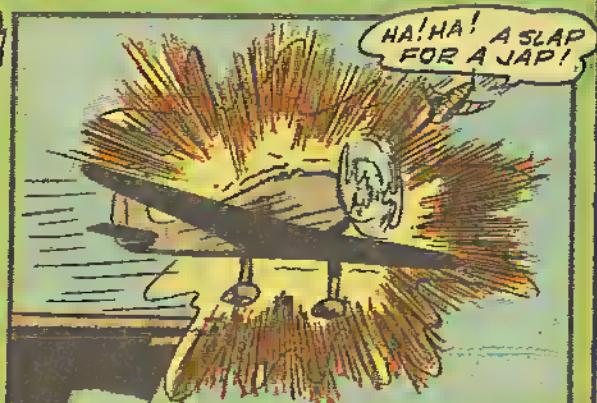


LOOK, MEN, ALL THOSE SOLDIERS ON THE TROOP TRANSPORTS ARE DOOMED IF THAT JAP FLEET GETS WITHIN FIRING RANGE. IT'S SUICIDE, BUT WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK THAT FLEET ALONE! WE MAY BE ABLE TO CRIPPLE IT SO THAT IT WON'T ATTACK THE CONVOY!

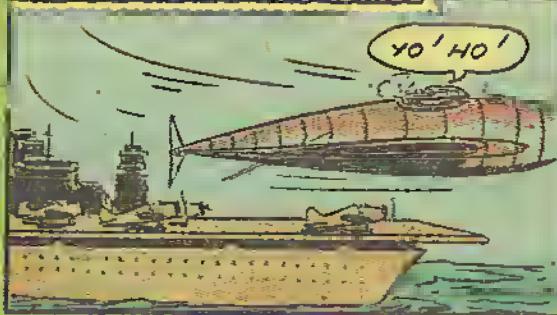
ALL WE SAY, JACK IS... LET'S AT 'EM!



THEIR FIRST ATTACK IS CONCENTRATED ON THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER...



Roaring across the deck of the carrier, the Phantom sub rakes it from stem to stern!



Then, as it zooms high to make another dive, a swarm of Jap planes attack...



Their bullets just bounce off the Phantom, Jack!

YEAH, BUT LOOK BELOW. THEY'RE LAUNCHING PLANES EQUIPPED WITH CANNON! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT!



Again the sub dives. This attack is centered on the carrier's deck...



Nice shooting, gang!

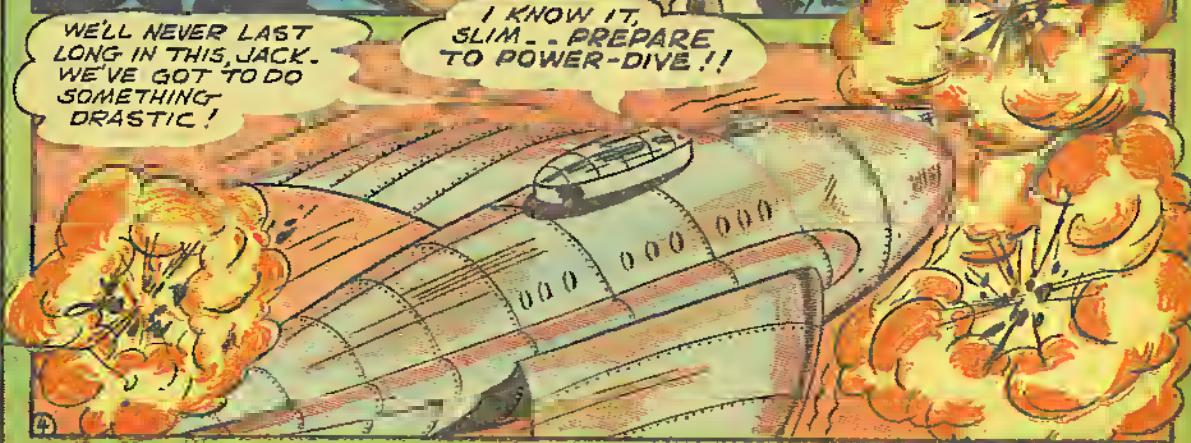
HA-HA! THEY WON'T LAUNCH ANOTHER PLANE FROM THAT!



But now, all fury breaks loose as the anti-aircraft guns of the Jap fleet, which had held their fire for fear of hitting their own aircraft, open up!

We'll never last long in this, Jack. We've got to do something drastic!

I know it, Slim - prepare to power-dive!!



LIKE A STREAK OF GREASED LIGHTNING, THE PHANTOM SUB ROARS DOWN ON THE HUGE JAP BATTLESHIP!

PREPARE TO PULL OUT!... FORWARD WATER-GUN READY!

DIVING DOWN, ALMOST TO THE HUGE SHIP, THE PHANTOM SUB POURS A STREAM OF WATER DOWN THE SMOKE STACK OF THE BATTLESHIP!

WHEN THE DELUGE OF WATER STRIKES THE BATTLESHIP'S FIREBOX, IT IS IMMEDIATELY CHANGED TO STEAM. THE PRESSURE IS SO GREAT THAT THE SHIP'S BOILERS BURST AND THE HUGE BATTLEWAGON IS BLOWN TO PIECES!

THROUGH AIR FILLED WITH SHELLS, SHOTS AND SHRAPNEL, THE PHANTOM SUB CARRIES THE ATTACK TO THE OTHER BATTLESHIPS...

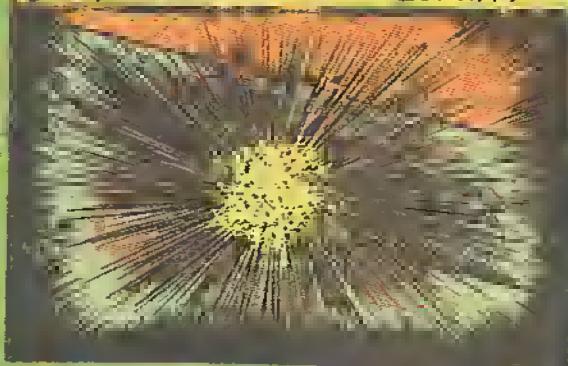
BOOM

SOON BY THIS MARVELOUS BIT OF AQUA-AERIAL STRATEGY, THE PHANTOM CREW LEAVE THE THREE JAP BATTLEWAGONS IN SHAMBLES—

BUT THE BATTLE IS TAKING A TERRIFIC TOLL ON THE PHANTOM SUB...!



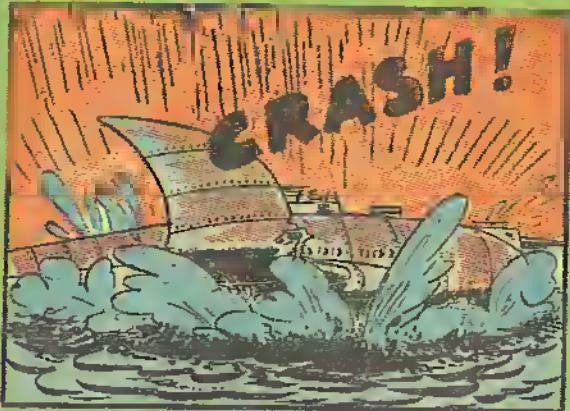
WHEN, A SHELL SCORES A DIRECT HIT!



OUT OF CONTROL,
THE PHANTOM
SUB FALLS!



CRASH!



THE REMARKABLE CONSTRUCTION OF THE
SUB KEEPS IT BOUYANT AND AFLOAT,...
BUT THE JAP DESTROYERS CLOSE IN
FOR THE KILL

HERE THEY
COME!



SUDDENLY... THE JAPS TURN AND
STEAM AWAY!...
WHAT'S THIS?



THE REASON FOR THE JAPS
FLIGHT IS SOON EVIDENT, AS
THE AMERICAN CRUISERS
FROM THE CONVOY SPEED
ONTO THE SCENE



THREE BATTLESHIPS AND A
PLANE CARRIER...WHAT A
BLOW TO JAPAN!

YOUR TIMELY
ARRIVAL
SAVED US
FROM A
WATERY GRAVE,
COMMANDER!

BUT FOR YOU
AND YOUR CREW,
JACK, THOUSANDS
OF YOUNG SOLDIERS
WOULD BE IN
WATERY GRAVES!

IT WAS ALL THE SUB,
COMMANDER, AND I
CAN'T WAIT TILL WE
GET IT REPAIRED!



ANOTHER
PHANTOM
SUB
IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
BLUE BOLT
COMICS!

KRISKO and JASPER

by JACK A.
WARREN

KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE BEEN TOSSED UP ON A SMALL ISLAND WHERE STRANGE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED. NOT THE LEAST OF THEM IS THE LITTLE SAILOR MAN WHOM THEY CAN'T SEE-AT-ALL! HE HAS ATTACHED HIMSELF TO KRISKO, RIDES ON HIS SHOULDER, AND SAYS THEY THREE WILL SEE THE WORLD TOGETHER ---

WHAT A YOU MEAN, "A GOB ON YOUR SHOULDER," SAME BEIN' WHICH YOU CAN'T SEE-AT-ALL? NOPE! I DON'T SEE NOR HEAR NOTHIN' ON YOUR SHOULDER!

WELL -- I'M HERE, YOU LONG, LEAN OCTOPUS, AND I'LL PROVE IT!

SOMEBODY'S LOCO 'ROUND HERE, AND IT AIN'T ME!



LISTEN, YOU SWABS! YOUR COUNTRY IS AT WAR! WE'VE GOTTA GET A BOAT OUTA HERE AND DO SOME HE-FIGHTIN'!

HUH?
?

HUH...WHAS AT? WELL, LE'S GO! WHAT'R WE WAITIN' FER?

WHA'S TH'MATTER?
YOU LOOK REAL
CHEERFUL-LIKE!

ALL RIGHT! YOU
DECK POLISHERS!
WAIT RIGHT HERE!
I'M GONNA FIND
A BOAT!

I AM!
WE'RE LEAVIN'
PRONTO!

AND OUT TO SEA ...

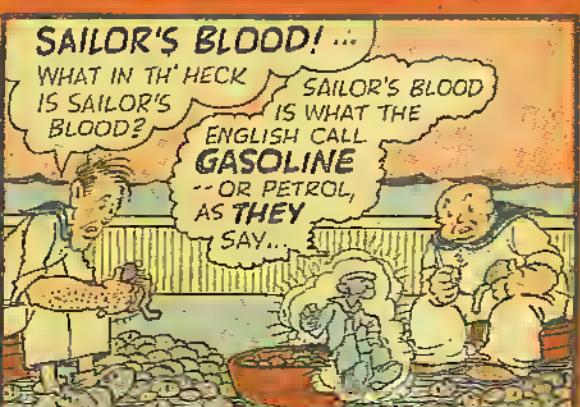
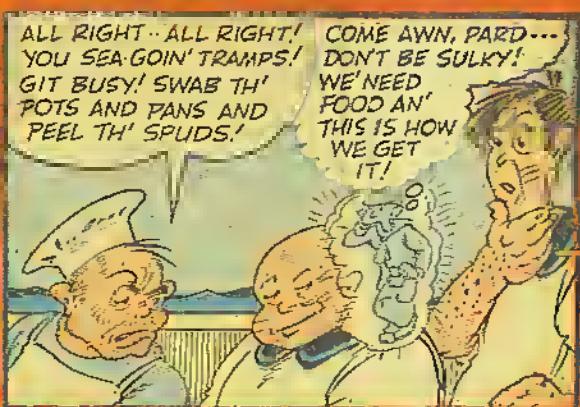
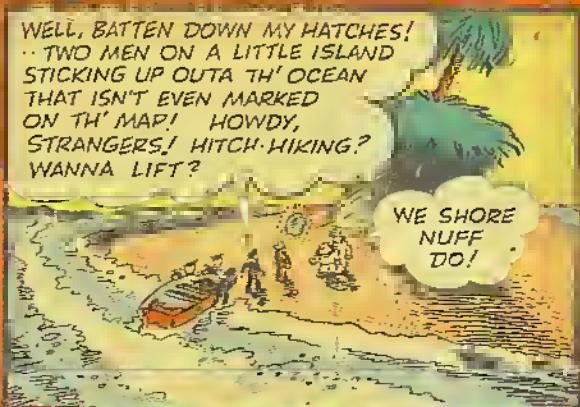
MR. SMITH ... IF YOU SIGHT
ANY LAND - DROP ANCHOR
AND LOWER A BOAT.
I HAVE A HUNCH!

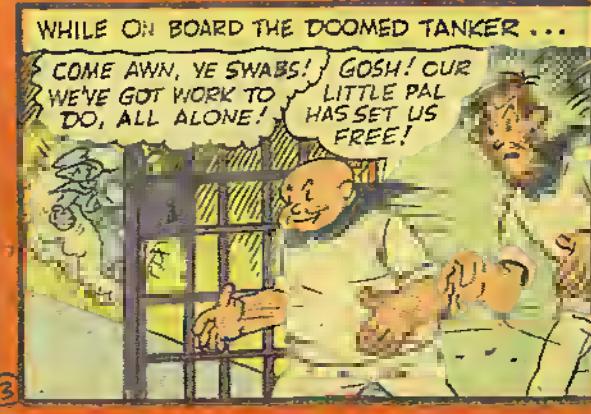
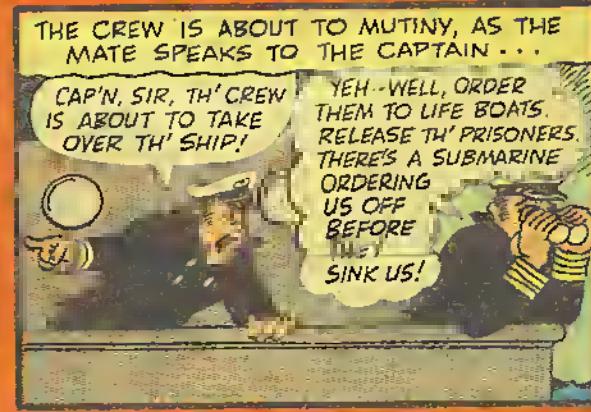
AYE, SIR! BUT I
DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY WE SHOULD
LAND ... EVERYTHING
IS RUNNING SMOOTH
AND WE'RE NOT NEAR
SUBMARINE WATERS

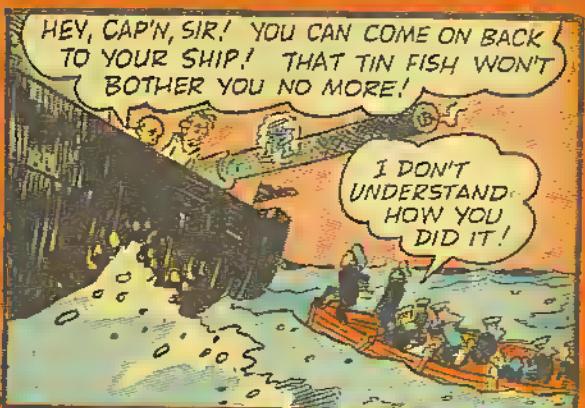
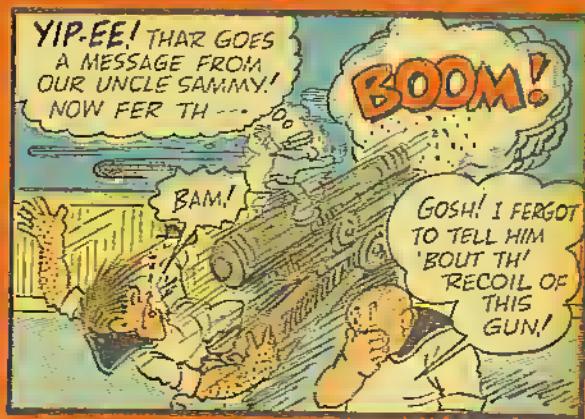
I DON'T KNOW WHY
EITHER ... BUT I HAVE
THIS HUNCH, SO DO AS
I SAY, MR. SMITH!

HA-HA! YOU'LL
DO AS I SAY,
CAP'N!

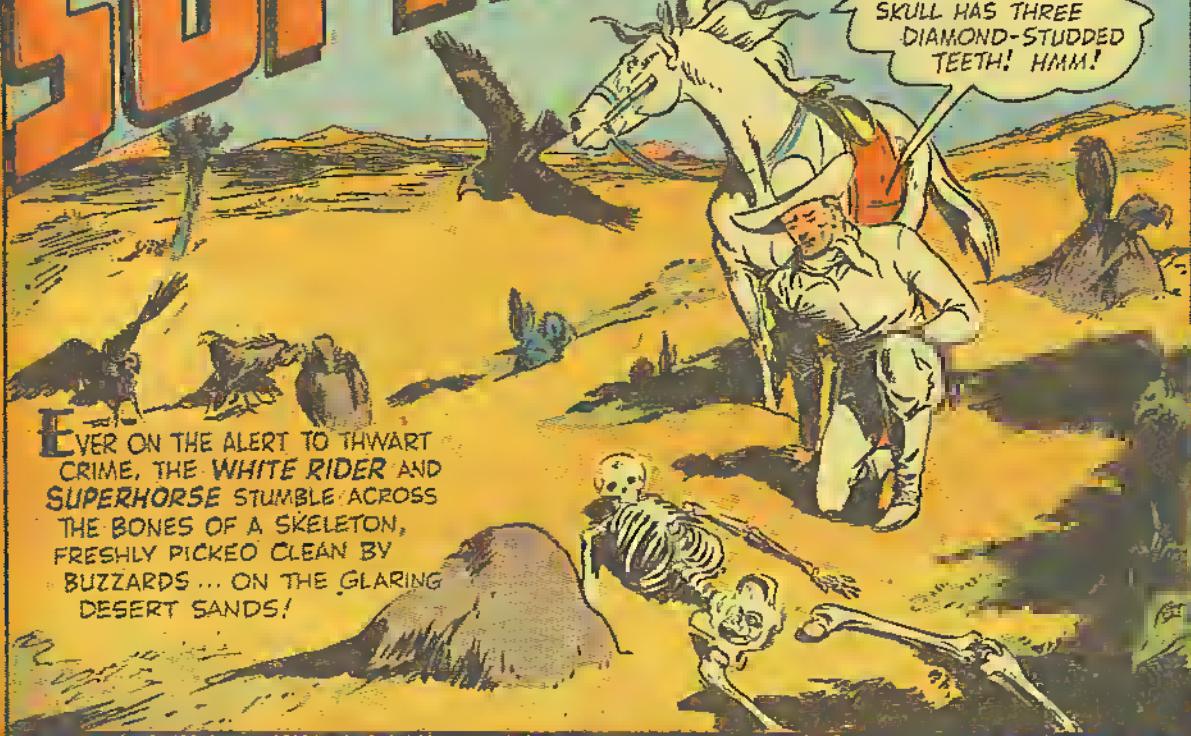








THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPER HORSE



EVER ON THE ALERT TO THWART CRIME, THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE STUMBLE ACROSS THE BONES OF A SKELETON, FRESHLY PICKED CLEAN BY BUZZARDS ... ON THE GLARING DESERT SANDS!



A FEW HOUR'S RIDE, AND SUPER-HORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER REACH THE GHOST TOWN.

SURE IS AN OLD PLACE! TH' BUILDINGS ARE FALLEN' TO PIECES! NO WONDER NOBODY EVER LIVES HERE!



SUDDENLY SUPERHORSE SMELLS THE GROUND. WHITE RIDER DISMOUNTS AND ---

HOSS TRACKS! SO THAT'S IT! THIS TOWN MUST NOT BE AS DESERTED AS IT SEEMS!

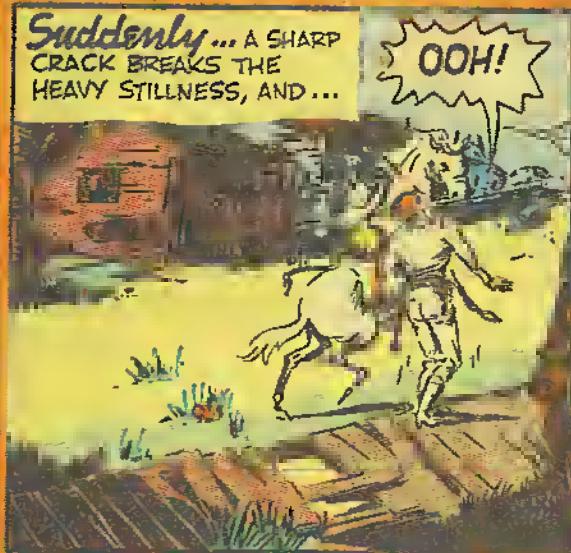


THE GHOSTS IN THIS TOWN NEED A LITTLE LOOKIN' INTO. THIS MUST HAVE SOMETHIN' T'DO WITH OLD HANK'S DEATH!



Suddenly... A SHARP CRACK BREAKS THE HEAVY STILLNESS, AND ...

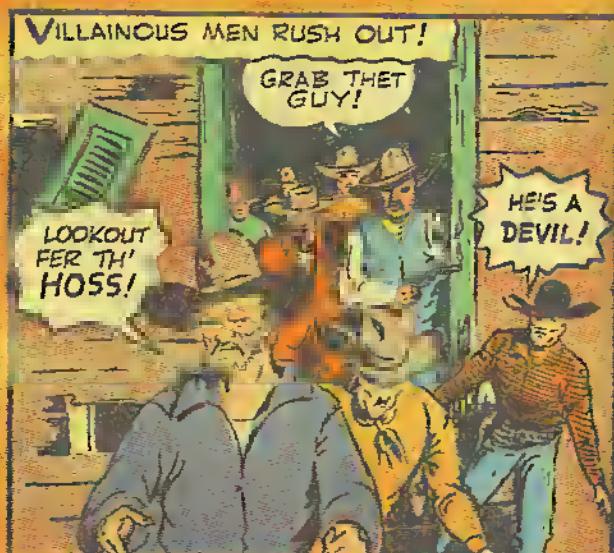
OOH!



VILLAINOUS MEN RUSH OUT!

GRAB THET GUY!

HE'S A DEVIL!



THE WHITE RIDER IS GRABBED AND DRAGGED INTO AN OLD HOTEL.

WATCH THAT HOSS'S HOOF'S!

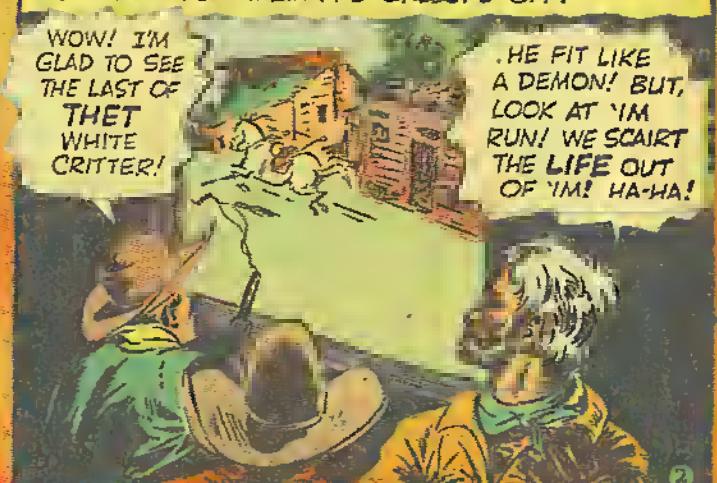
C'MON, MEN! KILL THE MANGY CRITTER!



BUT... SUPERHORSE PROVES TO BE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THEM AND GALLOPS OFF!

WOW! I'M GLAD TO SEE THE LAST OF THET WHITE CRITTER!

HE FIT LIKE A DEMON! BUT, LOOK AT 'IM RUN! WE SCARNT THE LIFE OUT OF 'IM! HA-HA!



WHITE RIDER COMES TO ---

OUTLAWS! THET'S WHY
HANK DIED, SO'S THEY
COULD HANG OUT HERE
IN SAFETY!

--- AND LAUNCHES HIMSELF INTO THE MEN! ---

I'LL FIX YOU
CROOKS!

HE'S GONE
LOCO!

WHACK

SMACK

UGH!

LOOK
OUT!



BUT THE OUTLAWS GO FOR THEIR GUNS!

PLAY WITH HOT
LEAD, WILL YA?

SHOOT 'YM
DOWN!

AHH!

COME ON, YA
HOSS THIEVES!

AGGH!

YA DIRTY ...

I'M GITTIN'
OUTA HERE!



THE FEW REMAINING BANDITS
AT LAST SURRENDER ...

EASY,
PARD!

DROP YER
GUNS, ALL
OF YER!

OKAY!
OKAY!

AT THAT MOMENT,
THROUGH THE OLD
HOTEL DOOR STEPS
A STRANGER...

SAY WHAT'S
GOING ON HE...?

THE
WHITE
RIDER!

MIKE MCGILL,
THE OUTLAW
KING!

GREETINGS,
CHUM!

I SHOULD
HAD YA KILLED
THE LAST
TIME WE
MET!



THE OUTLAW COMES IN SLOWLY, THEN TURNS AND BOLTS UP THE STEPS TO THE BALCONY --



THE RIDER LEVELS HIS GUNS, INTENDING TO SLOW UP THE OUTLAW AND FORCE HIM TO DRAW ... BUT THEY ARE EMPTY!



RACING AFTER HIM, THE RIDER FINDS THE OUTLAW HAS REACHED THE FAR SIDE OF THE BALCONY --



--LIKE A STREAK, THE RIDER LEAPS, GRABS THE CHANDELIER -- AND --



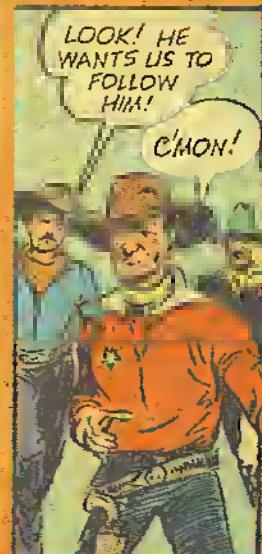
--WITH SHOTS FLYING AROUND HIM FROM BELOW, SWINGS TO THE OTHER SIDE!



Meanwhile... SUPERHORSE HAS RACED TO THE CAMP OF THE TEXAS RANGERS, NEARBY...



LOOK! HE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM!



MOUNTING QUICKLY, THE RANGERS FOLLOW THE FAMOUS "CLOUD"...



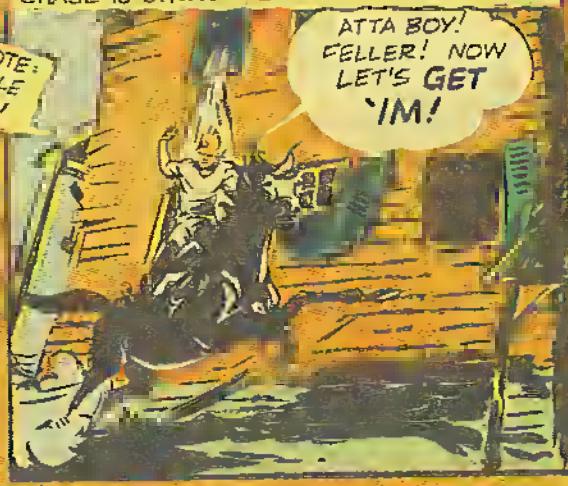
BUT -- BACK IN THE GHOST TOWN ---



THEN A PIERCING WHISTLE FROM WHITE RIDER!!! WHISTLING "THREEEE!!!"



JUST IN TIME, SUPER HORSE RETURNS AND RUNS UNDER THE WHITE RIDER... WHO LEAPS FROM THE WINDOW TO HIS SADDLE, AND THE CHASE IS ON-----



SUPER HORSE'S SUPERIOR SPEED CLOSES THE GAP!...

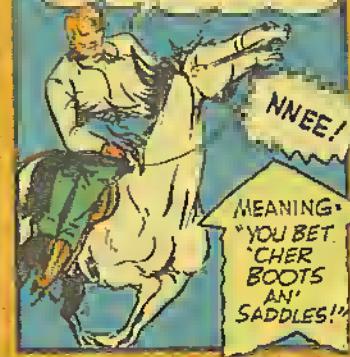


THEN...



WHITE RIDER, MIKE AND SUPER HORSE HEAD FOR TOWN --

I GUESS THE BOYS YA BROUGHT WITH YA TOOK CARE OF THE REST OF THE GANG, EH PAL?



THE RANGERS HAVE PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE REST, WHEN WHITE RIDER COMES IN.

HERE'S THE KINGFISH, BOYS!

NICE JOB, RIDER!
YUH HARDLY LEFT A ONE FOR US!
IMAGINE!
A WHOLE PACK OF OUTLAWS IN ONE HAUL!



THEY KILLED HANK SO'S THEY COULD USE THIS AS A SAFE HANGOUT, EH? SAAV! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN OUR COUTIF? -- SURE COULD USE YOU!



BOY! THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPER HORSE IN THE TEXAS RANGERS!

THERE WON'T BE A SAFE PLACE FOR CROOKS IN THE WEST OR BLUE BOLT, NOW!

SUB-ZERO



EVER SEE
A JAP...?
TAKE A
GOOD
LOOK!

ALASKA! THE JUMPING
OFF SPOT OF NORTH AMERICA!
THE HOSTILE NATION OF
JAPAN NOT MANY HOURS
TO THE SOUTHWEST, AND
THE WATERS JAM-PACKED
WITH ENEMY SHIPS! WILL
THE BROWN MEN STRIKE
THERE NEXT? WE'LL SEE! BUT
THERE IS ONE POWER THE
JAPS ARE NOT RECKONING
WITH... A POWER COLDER, EVEN
THAN THEIR OWN ICY HEARTS,
BUT ONE THAT STANDS FOR
EVERYTHING THEY OPPOSE...
YES... IT'S SUB-ZERO!

FOR DAYS,
SUB-ZERO
HAS BEEN THINK-
ING ABOUT A JAP
INVASION... THEN...

FREEZUM,
I'M GOING UP
TO ALASKA...
HELP ME
PACK UP!

ME MUCH
WISH I COULD GO
WITH YOU! MUCH
FUN, MAYBE?

NO... YOU STAY
HERE AND KEEP
YOUR EYES ON
THINGS FOR ME!
SO LONG,
PAL!



ALASKA!

SUB-ZERO ARRIVES IN THE
MIDDLE OF FEVERISH
ACTIVITY!

...A PIERCING SHRIEK
OF A WARNING SIREN.....

BOY! THINGS SURE
ARE POPPING! LOOKS LIKE
THE HEAT IS ON TO
STOP AN INVASION.
ALL RIGHT!



...A PIERCING SHRIEK
OF A WARNING SIREN.....

JAPS!

WE'RE READY
FOR 'EM
THIS TIME!

MEN RACE TO THEIR
ASSIGNED STATIONS!

BATTLE STATIONS!
MAN THE GUNS!
SHOOT THE RATTY
JAPS RIGHT OUT
OF THE OCEAN!

HERE'S WHERE
I GO TO
WORK!

...AND THE JAP SHIPS RIP
THEMSELVES OPEN AGAINST
THE JAGGED ICE BARRIERS!

QUICKLY, SUB ZERO
FREEZES GREAT
ICE CHUNKS!

BUT STILL THEY
COME ON... Hordes
OF THEM...

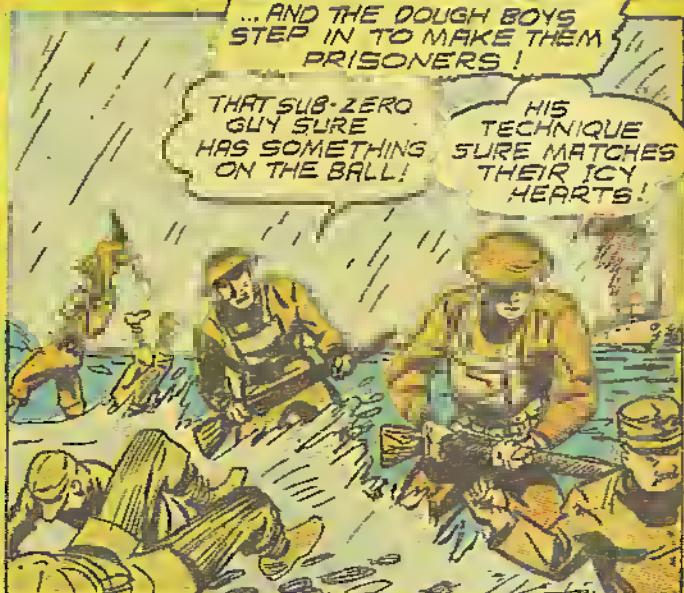
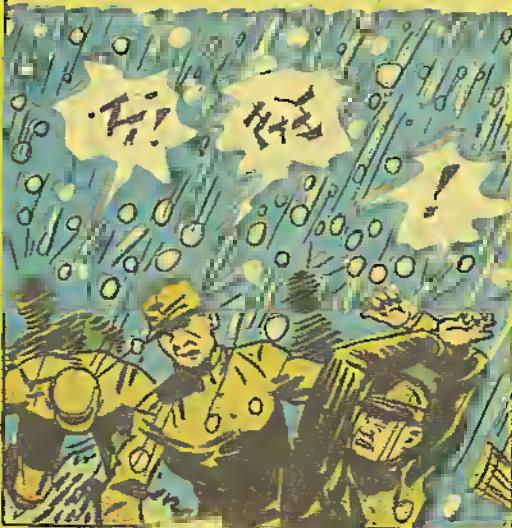


...THEN, SUB-ZERO SPOTS
A RAIN CLOUD, AND...

AH! I'LL JUST
FREEZE UP THE MOIST
URE IN THAT CLOUD
OVER THEIR HEADS!

...AND THE DOUGH BOYS
STEP IN TO MAKE THEM
PRISONERS!

HAILSTONES AS BIG AS BASEBALLS
DROP ONTO THE JAP RANKS!



WHEN THE HAZE
OVER THE WATER
IS SPLIT BY THE
PROWS OF MORE JAP
SHIPS WHICH EVADED
THE "ICE BARRIER"

FALL BACK,
MEN! TO
THE WOODS!



OUTNUMBERED, THE AMERICANS RELUCTANTLY
DROP BACK, WHILE THE JAPS TAKE THE
BEACH...

WE NEED THAT
HUMAN ICICLE
AGAIN! I
WONDER WHERE HE
WENT!

FIX
BAYONETS,
MEN!
ON THE
DOUBLE!



MEANWHILE, WITH A SMALL DETACHMENT, SUB-ZERO HAS MADE ICE "BRICKS," OUT OF WHICH THE SOLDIERS HAVE MADE ICE "PILL BOXES"! SUB-ZERO IS CRUSTING THEM WITH ICE BLASTS!

(THERE!)

THAT'S GREAT!

-AND JUST IN TIME, FOR THE OTHERS HAVE FALLEN BACK TO CONCENTRATE FOR AN ATTACK!

SAY... WE CAN THESE STAND 'EM OFF THINGS ARE HERE, ALL LIKE STEEL! RIGHT!

THEN, WITH THE LEFT-OVER ICE BRICKS, SUB-ZERO FASHIONS TOBOGGANS... COMPLETE WITH ICE RUNWAYS AIMED DIRECTLY AT THE ENEMY!

THEY'RE ALL YOURS, MEN! GO TO IT!



DOWN THE SMOOTH CHUTES THE AMERICANS SWOOP, LIKE COMETS INTO THE JAPS -- SCATTERING THEM RIGHT AND LEFT!

PANG PANG
NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN SLAPPING JAPS!

RIGHT! --AND SLAP 'EM HARD!

PANG
CRACK
YAHOO!

THE LEFT WING OF THE JAPS GOES TO PIECES--BUT THE FIGHT GOES ON! --EVEN AFTER THE LAST AMERICAN SHELL IS FIRED -- THEY USE THEIR BAYONETS AND THROW THE ICE BRICKS!

I USED TO PITCH FOR THE DODGERS! HERE GOES ANOTHER!

RUN, YA BEGGAR, RUN!



HMM! THE ODDS ARE GREAT, BUT NABBING THEIR COMMANDER OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!



HE STEALS INTO THE ENEMY LINES...BUT NEARING JAP HEADQUARTERS, HE HEARS.

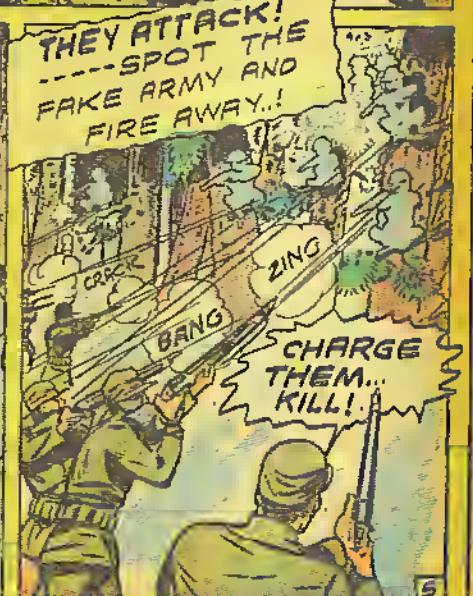
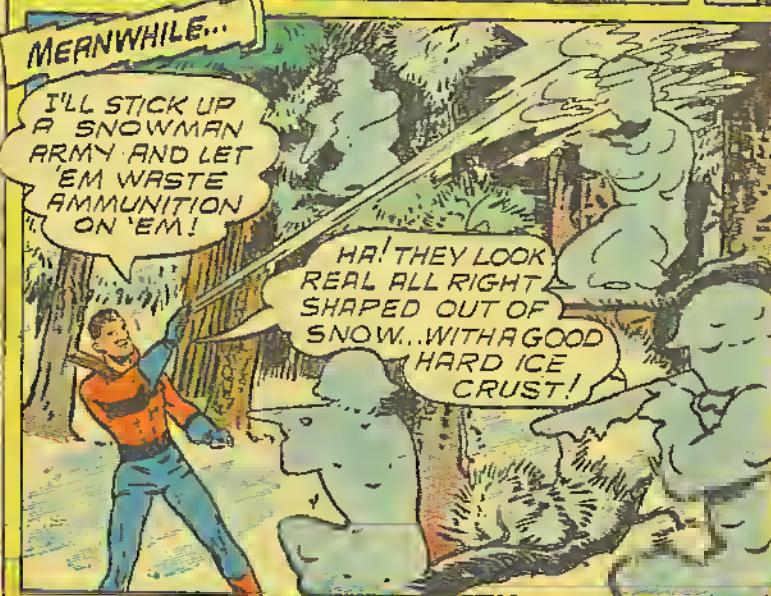
JAP VOICES! COMING THIS WAY!

SUB-ZERO.... WORKING QUICKLY... CAMOUFLAGES HIMSELF BY FREEZING INTO AN ICY TOTEM POLE!

THIS BETTER WORK!



FORMING THE IMAGE ON TOP OUT OF ICE-CRUSTED SNOW...



THEY RUSH THE
SILENT FIGURES...

WHY DON'T
THEY MOVE?

RUSH
THEM!

EXPECTING A RETREAT,
THE JAPS RUSH... UNSEAT
THE ICY STATUES... WHICH
TOPPLE ONTO THEM FROM
THE TREES! THEN -----



IN COME THE AMERICANS!

WHEE! I'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR THIS!

SI SI!
IT'S THE
WORKS
THIS
TIME!



THEN SUB-ZERO CRASHES
INTO THE JAP COMMANDER'S
IGLOO!

ONE SIDE,
PUNK!



THE PLACE IS FILLED
WITH GUARDS! THEY LEVEL
THEIR GUNS AND FIRE!

THOSE GUNS
WON'T HELP
YOU ANY!

THE BULLETS BOUNCE
OFF SUB-ZERO'S PROTECTIVE
ICE CASING!

AGAIN THE JAP CHIEF MAKES
A DASH FOR FREEDOM...
LEAVING HIS GUARDS TO FIGHT
IT OUT!

SHOOT AT
ME, EH?



...THE JAP JUMPS INTO A DOGSLED AND WHIZZES OFF...

MUSH! AWAY FROM HERE!

BUT...

SMART GUY, EH?
THIS'LL BE EASY!

SUB-ZERO FREEZES SKIS OF ICE TO HIS FEET, AND PICKS UP A LENGTH OF ROPE LYING NEAR THE JAP'S IGLOO, THEN...



ZIPS DOWNHILL AFTER THE JAP! SUB-ZERO BRINGS INTO PLAY HIS PROWESS AT ROPING WHICH HE LEARNED FROM FREEZUM!

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A COWBOY!



NOW, CALL OFF YOUR MEN OR I'LL FREEZE YOU ALL INTO A FLOCK OF STATUES!

WILL DO! DON'T KILL ME!

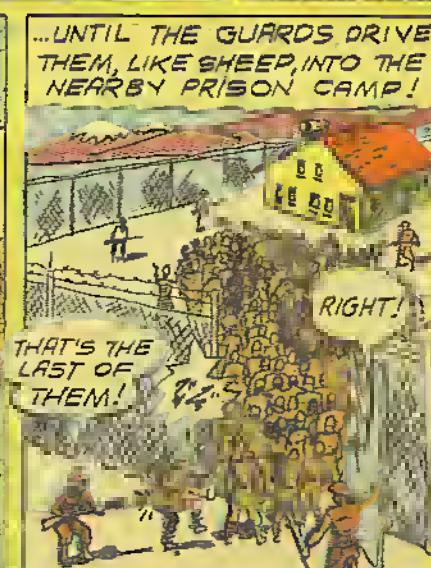


THE FRIGHTENED AND DISORGANIZED JAPS ARE HERDED ONTO A HUGE CAKE OF ICE...

GET A GUARD!
THESE JAPS ARE YOUR PRISONERS!

WOW!
YES SIR!

...UNTIL THE GUARDS DRIVE THEM, LIKE SHEEP, INTO THE NEARBY PRISON CAMP!



YOU SURE SAVED GLAD TO THE DAY. SUB-ZERO! IT WAS MANY THANKS! SIR! WORTH IT!

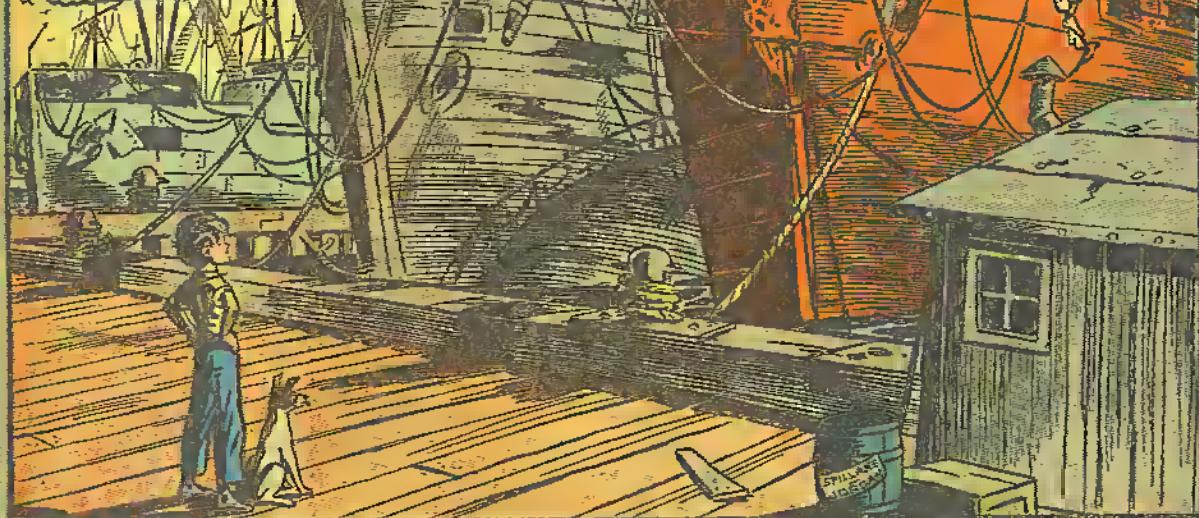


SUB-ZERO COMES BACK WITH ANOTHER AMAZING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT

BLUE BOLT!

Sergeant SPOOK

YEARS AGO, THE LAST
YANKEE CLIPPER
MADE ITS FINAL
RUN FROM EUROPE.
ON BOARD, A JEWEL
THIEF, WHO HAD
HIDDEN HIS RICH,
ILLEGAL CARGO
SOMEWHERE ON
THE SHIP, WAS SLAIN,
AND THE LOOT WAS
NEVER FOUND.

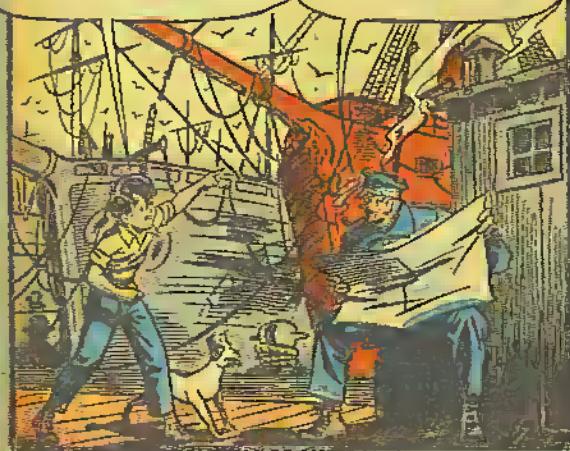


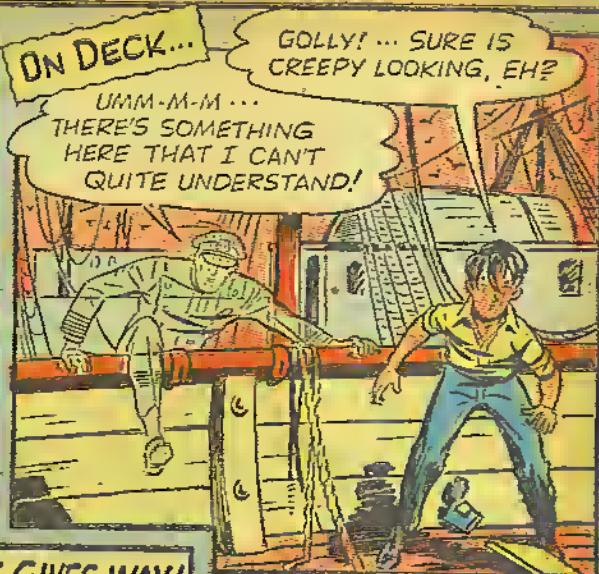
SAY, MISTER, COULD
I TAKE A LOOK
AROUND THAT SHIP?

WAL... SURE! BUT
BE CAREFUL! IT'S
PRETTY OLD!

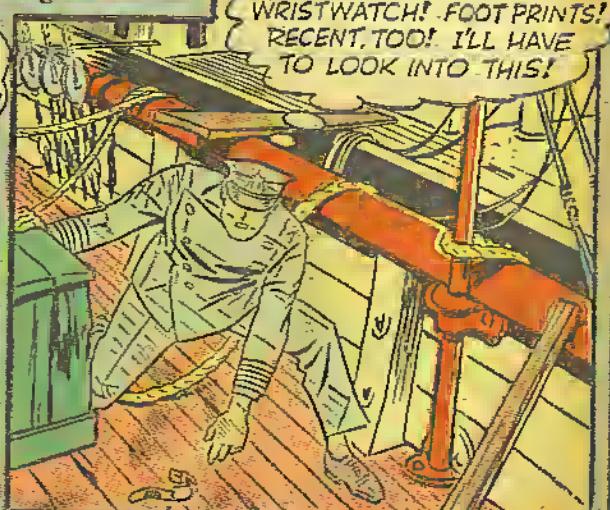
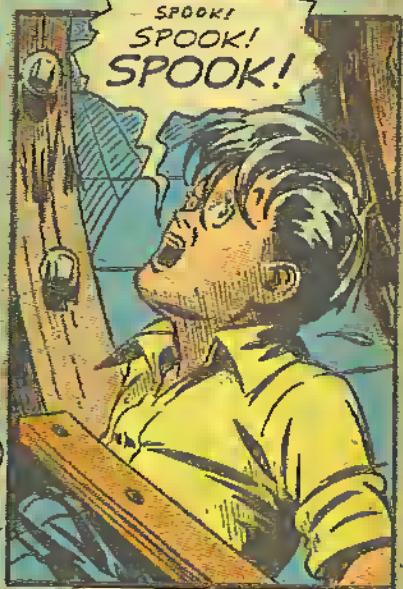
HI, JERRY!
MIND IF I
COME ALONG?

SPOOK!
GEE!...
SURE!





AS JERRY STEPS FORWARD: --- THE DECK GIVES WAY!



BUT... JERRY,
RUMMAGING
AROUND, HAS
FOUND A LARGE,
OLD FASHIONED
SHIPS CANDLE
IN ONE OF THE
OLD CABINS.

AHH... THIS IS
BETTER! ... GEE!
WHAT A PLACE!

BUT SERGEANT SPOOK DECIDES
TO FOLLOW HIS HUNCH....

I'M GOING TO TRAIL
THOSE FOOTPRINTS AND
SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

SO, THIS
IS THE SPOT!

THE FOOTPRINTS LEAD --- INTO AN OLD, DARK CABIN...

BLACKIE DEXTER AND HIS
MUGS! --- AND THIS SHIP! --- NOW
I REMEMBER THAT OLD STORY!
THESE GUYS MUST BE WAITING
FOR NIGHT-FALL!

HEY! MY
WATCH! HAND
IT OVER!

HEY! IT MOVED!
THERE'S SOMEBODY
ELSE IN HERE!

FRIGHTENED, THE MEN FIRE WILDLY
TOWARD THE LUMINOUS GLOW OF THE WATCH!

BOY! ARE
THOSE MONKEYS
GREEN! ...

WHAT'S GOIN'
ON IN HERE?

WOW!
GHOSTS!

WHAT
TH...?

A FLASH-LIGHT GOES ON...

HELP! IT--
IT IS A GHOST!

G-GOSH!

Just then...

WHO--?



BUT SERGEANT SPOOK SOON INTERVENES!

IT MUST BE ANOTHER MOB AFTER THE STONES!



LET'S FOLLOW THOSE GUYS AND SEE IF THEY'RE UP TO WHAT I THINK THEY ARE!

OKAY, SPOOK! BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!

THEY COME TO AN OPEN HATCHWAY...

LISTEN!

WELL HAVE TO GET RID OF THOSE OTHER GUYS IF WE WANT THE JEWELS FOR OURSELVES!

IT'S THEM!

SO, THEY ARE AFTER THOSE JEWELS THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HIDDEN ON BOARD THIS SHIP!

I'M GOING DOWN AFTER THEM, JERRY. YOU STAY HERE ON GUARD!

A-A-ALL RIGHT!

A MINUTE LATER...

-SPY, EH?

ARR!

BOP!

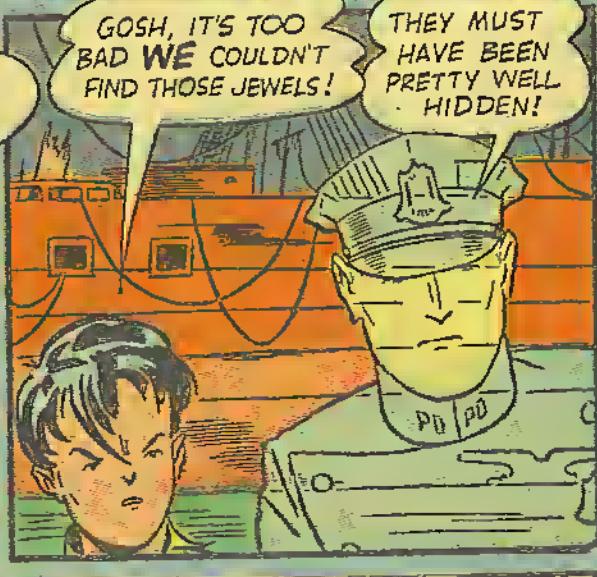


THE GUARD HURRIES DOWN AND GRABS THE UNCONSCIOUS JERRY...

WE'LL SEE WHAT THE CHIEF HAS TO SAY ABOUT YOU!







WELL, ONE LAST LOOK AT
THE SHIP AND WE
CAN SCRAM!

SUDDENLY JERRY NOTICES THE
BURNING CANDLE ...

ARF!

SPOOK! LOOK!
THE CANDLE!

I WELL,
I'LL BE...!

SLOWLY PRECIOUS STONES SHINE
THROUGH THE MELTING WAX!

WHAT A HIDING PLACE!
WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO
WITH ALL YOUR MONEY?

GEE!
I DON'T
KNOW!

JERRY, YOU'RE RICH!
THERE'LL BE A REWARD
FOR THESE STONES!

GOLLY!

GEE! JUST
IMAGINE... I HAD
THAT CANDLE WITH
ME ALL THE TIME!

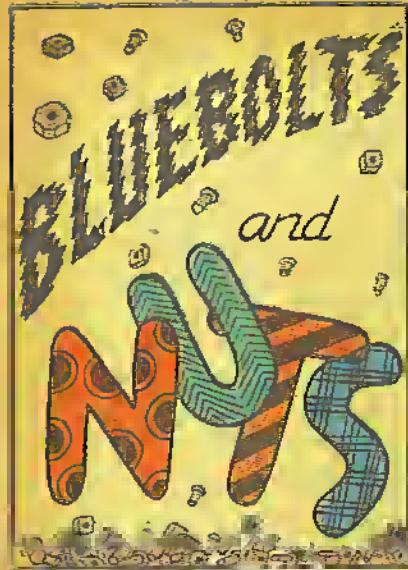
WELL, IT
WAS A
GOOD PLACE
TO HIDE "HOT"
STUFF!

"HOT STUFF!"
--THAT'S WHAT
YOU'LL ALL SAY
ABOUT THE
NEXT

SERGEANT
SPOOK

IN
NEXT
MONTH'S

BLUE BOLT!

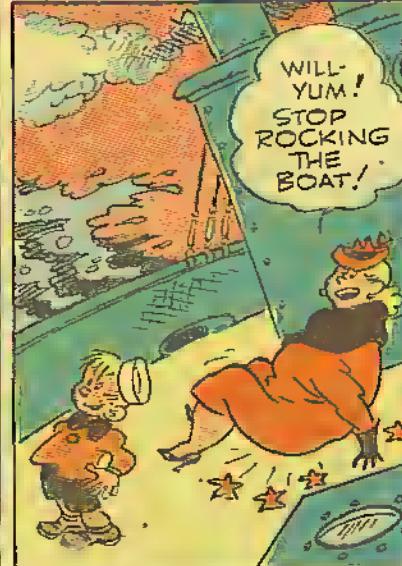


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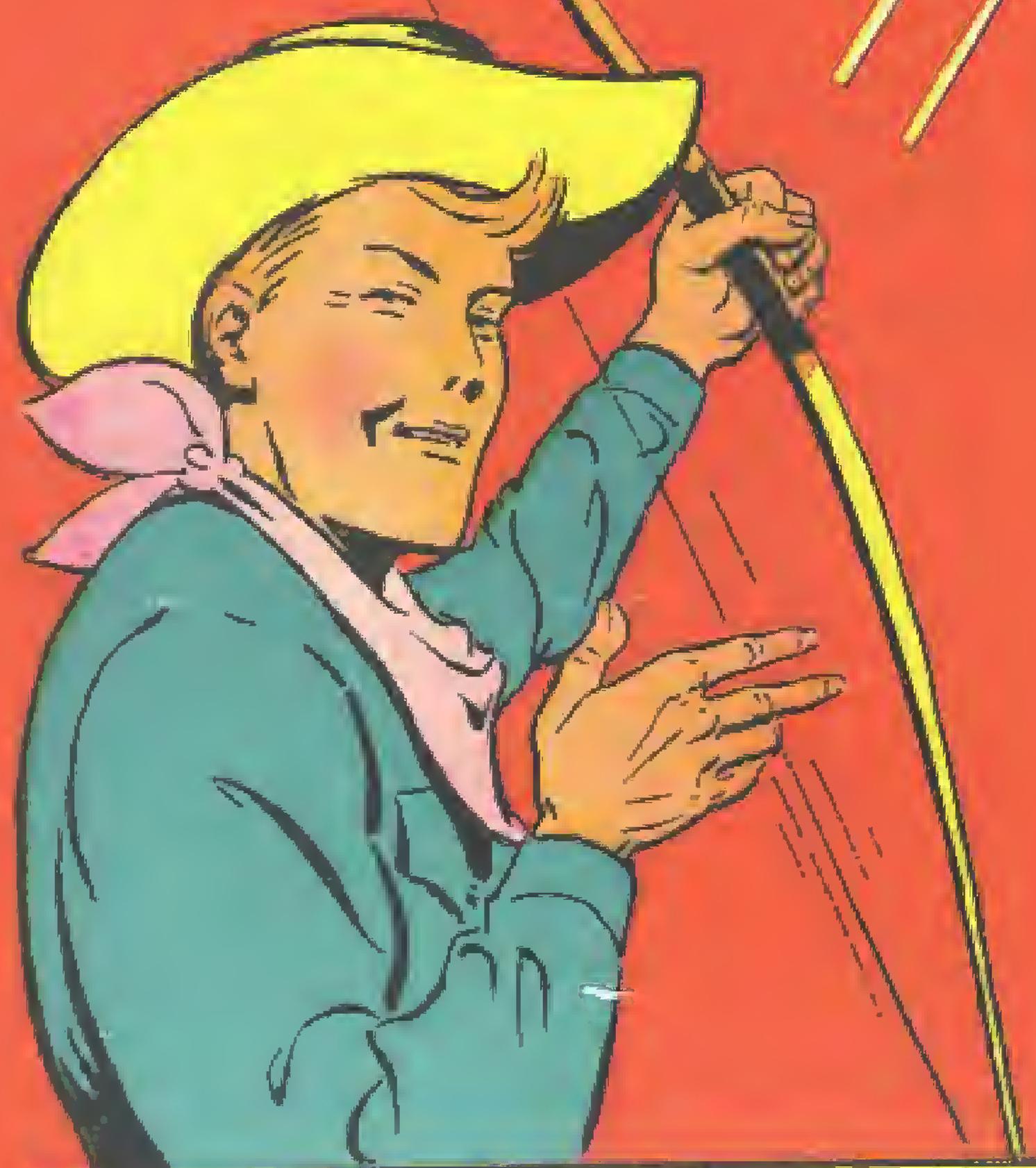


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